

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS

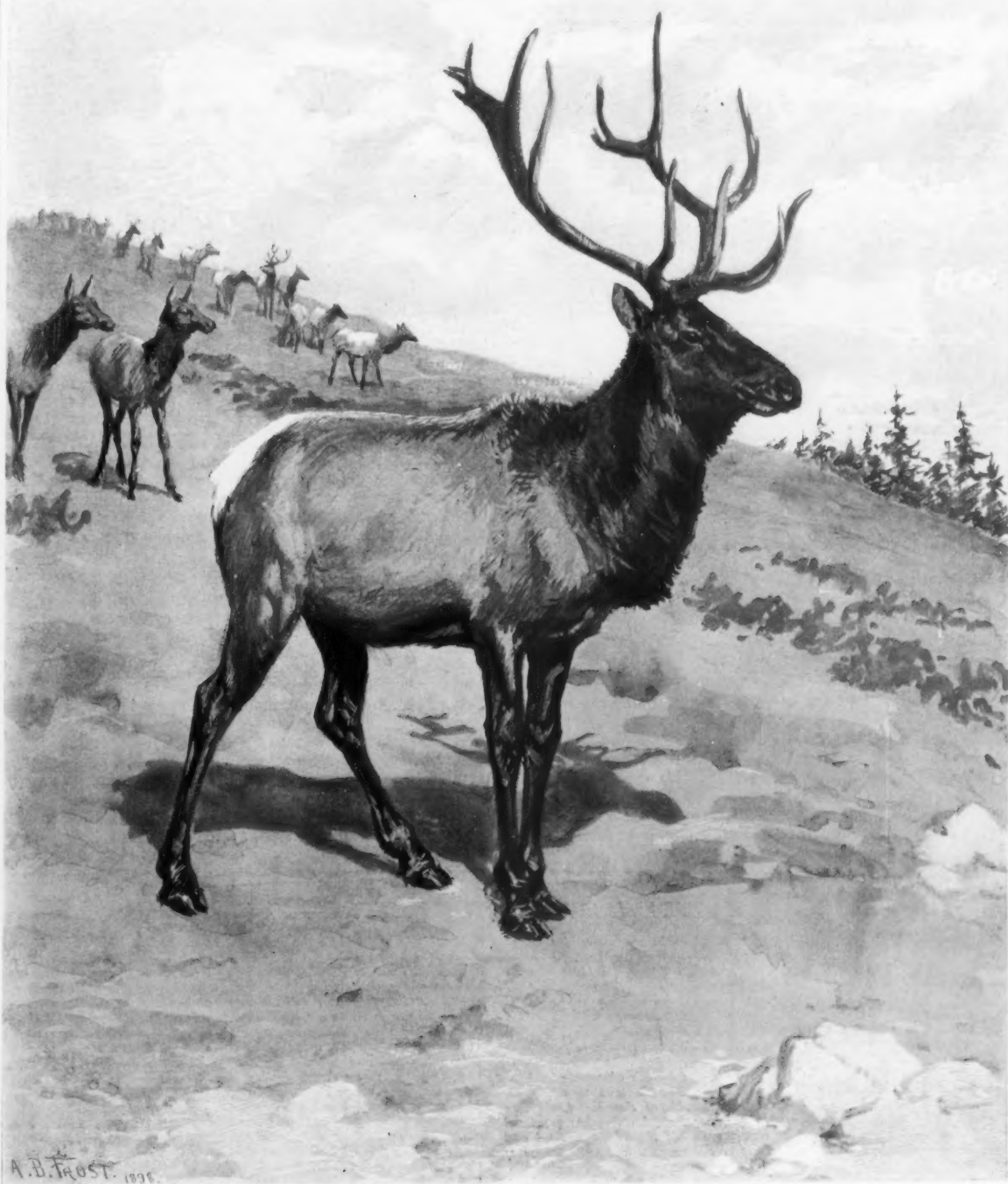


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DRAWN BY A. B. FROST



THE KING OF THE HERD

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THANKSGIVING, 1898



IT LOOKS as if the composition of the next House of Representatives might be materially affected by the local conditions under which the election will take place in North Carolina. For some years the State government there has been controlled by the opponents of the Democracy. The result has been that in the southeastern counties the white people, being in a minority, have been subjected to negro domination, in the sense that most of the minor magistrates and official guardians of peace and order have been blacks. A regrettable outbreak of race hatred has been the consequence of this state of things, and the whites have resolved to follow the precedent set in South Carolina and Mississippi. That is to say, they have determined to right one alleged wrong by perpetrating another one. They mean, in other words, to deprive the negroes of the franchise by a resort to violence. It seems probable that they will succeed, but every one of the Democratic members of Congress elected in districts where clear proof of intimidation is forthcoming will be unseated, should the Republicans possess even a slight preponderance on the opening of Congress and be able to organize the House. It follows that the so-called white man's movement in North Carolina may have the boomerang effect of transforming a nominal into an effective Republican majority in the popular branch of the Federal legislature.

IT SEEMS that it was not only the necessity of completing the Trans-Siberian railway which caused M. de Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, to assure his imperial master that five years of peace were indispensable to Russia's security and welfare. He was thinking, also, of the time required to construct the great ship canal which is to connect the Baltic and the Black Seas, and which, when finished, will revolutionize the position of European Russia, not only from a naval, but also from an industrial point of view. Although the distance from the Black Sea to the Baltic is about a thousand miles, the artificial water-

way will be only one hundred and fifty miles long, and it is estimated that, so favorable are the natural conditions, it can be built for some two hundred million rubles, or say seventy-seven million dollars in gold. The least width of this huge ship canal is to be two hundred and thirteen feet at water level and a hundred and fourteen feet at the bottom. The uniform depth is to be twenty-nine and one-half feet. The Baltic terminus is to be the port of Riga, at the mouth of the Dvina River, which is navigable for many miles from its mouth. The channel of the Dvina will be used, therefore, as far as Dunaburg, whence the artificial canal will branch off across the Lepel water-shed until it reaches the Beresina River, a confluent of the Dneiper. In the Beresina little work except dredging will be needful, and the channel of the Dneiper, at the point where the Beresina meets it, is deep enough for the largest vessels. Only two locks will be required, and another propitious condition is that the soil, through which the canal proper will be cut, is clay of exceptional consistency and of such good quality that the necessary brick can be manufactured on the spot as the work proceeds. It is computed by the engineers in charge of the undertaking that the largest battleship will be able to steam through the internal waterway at the rate of six knots an hour, or, in other words, to pass from the Black Sea to the Baltic in a little less than seven days. The strategic and economical effect of such a canal should be obvious. At present, the Russian fleet in the Black Sea is useless in the event of war against any power except Turkey; for, even if the Sultan would permit it to pass through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, it could only effect a junction with the Baltic fleet by the long and circuitous route through the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, the British Channel and the North Sea. When the projected canal has been completed, the whole of Russia's naval power in European waters can be concentrated at a given point in a week. It is also manifest that the canal will enable the Russian producers of grain and petroleum to undersell their American competitors in the markets of England and of northern Europe generally.

THE Ministerial crisis which occurred at Tokio on October 31 has had the interesting result of proving that the Chinese Emperor Kwangsu is still living. It may be remembered that, at the time of the palace revolution by which Kwangsu was virtually deposed, the Marquis Ito was in Peking, having been despatched thither for the purpose of effecting an alliance between Japan and China which should put a stop to further encroachments on the part of Russia. The *coup d'état* having frustrated his aims, the Marquis Ito returned to his own country. Shortly after took place the Ministerial crisis, followed by the advent to power of the Jingo party which believes that Japan should renounce the role of passive observer that she has played since the revision of the Shimonoseki Treaty, and henceforth take a conspicuous part in the affairs of the Far East. Evidently, the first step in the new programme was to discover whether the Chinese emperor, Kwangsu, who had been well-disposed toward an alliance with Japan, was still alive, or whether, in his case, as in that of his predecessor, deposition had been followed by assassination. To that end a special ambassador was sent to Peking to demand an audience of the emperor, which, if he were living, could not be refused, inasmuch as Japan enjoys the privileges of "the most favored nation," among which the right to an audience is included. After some delay on the part of the Tsungli Yamen the demand was acceded to and the audience took place. Kwangsu was existent in the flesh on November 6; of that fact there can be no doubt; but he was seated one step below the Empress Dowager, Tsi An, and it was she who first replied to the ambassador, the emperor confining himself to repeating subsequently the substance of her words. It appears, then, that Kwangsu will be suffered to live so long as he submits to play the part of a puppet and an echo.

A THANKSGIVING DAY ASCRIPTION

There is no day of which an American ought to be more proud than of Thanksgiving Day. For it is distinctively and exceptionally AMERICAN. In other countries there are festivals of thanksgiving for various things, including especial thanksgivings for the fruits of the earth; but they are not of national appointment, but rather, usually, by ecclesiastical authority. It was a fine note, in the earlier life of our older Commonwealths, when Thanksgiving Day came to be appointed by the Governor of the State; it was a finer note still, in the life of the Nation, when it came to be appointed by the President of the United States, as came to pass coincidentally with our Civil War.

And, steadily, in the history of the Republic, the outlook of those who have issued the letters has widened. In the early days of New England they had, not unnaturally, a local tone; but to-day, as the little handful of Puritans has grown to be a Nation of some eighty millions of people, our Rulers' vision has broadened too, and the words that summon us to own the Divine Hand that has led and blessed us, have recognized, alike, the vastness of our mercies and the vastness of our responsibilities.

Let us thank God then, first of all, for seed-time, and harvest, and the boundless wealth and blessing for which they stand. At the foundation lies the bread-question; and the farmer and his toil, and the fruitage of that toil, underlie all the rest. In cities we overlook this too easily; and commerce, and manufactures, and organized labor, rearing mighty structures, make us too easily forget the sowing and plowing, the rain and the sunshine—God's benediction upon all our broad acres, in one word—the foundation of the whole. To Him then whose blessing crowns the year with fatness, we ascribe glory, and thanks, and praise Him, first of all, for bounteous harvests.

And then, besides the manifold reasons for thanksgiving in our separate experiences there are two that seem, this year, pre-eminent in our national life. One

of them is to be found in the wonderful renewal of national ties. If our war with Spain had done nothing else, it had been worth almost all it has cost us in restoring the old bonds of national loyalty and love. A great people—and our Southern brethren of the Confederacy were a great people—forgot great sorrows and losses slowly. And so, though the South has borne itself for the last thirty years with a rare fidelity to its larger obligations to the Nation, it has not, I imagine, found much pleasure in owing or in remembering them. But that is all past now. Whatever there was, there can be no doubt about what there is—one country, one flag, one proud and brave heart beating beneath it in Florida glades and under Georgia pines, in stately Virginia and in the streets of Charleston and Columbia, all alike. Do you say that, glorious as were our victories, our latest war has cost us dear? It has, but was it too great a price to pay for the gift of a Union, not in name only, but in fact? For this then let us thank the Father whose sons we are, north and south, and east and west, alike.

And then finally shall we not do well to thank God for heroism so swift, and steadfast and uncomplaining, as blood-stained battlefields, and decks of war-ships, and plague-stricken camps and hospitals have shown us? The greatest peril to a nation is the loss of its ideals of righteousness, of justice, of heroism. We may well remember that they were the sufferings of an oppressed people that appealed to this nation, and that its best blood has been fearlessly shed to free and succor that people. God be praised for deeds of valor, and deeds of suffering endurance that reveal the SOUL and the FIBER of the fathers regnant in the breasts of their children!

And glory, and honor, and power, and might, and thanksgiving be ascribed to Him who is the author of all virtue and nobleness in His children, for ever and ever.

HENRY C. POTTER

(Bishop of New York).

WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK, November, 1898.

THE OUTCOME THUS FAR OF THE PEACE COMMISSION

ACCORDING to trustworthy reports received by us from Washington and Paris that part of the work of the Peace Commission which related to Cuba has been finished. We have no reason to suppose that much time will be spent on the provisions of the protocol which referred to Puerto Rico and the Ladrões. Puerto Rico has been evacuated by the Spanish soldiers, and our government has taken formal possession of it. The protocol gave us an undesignated island in the Ladrone archipelago, but we have decided to retain Guam, where we have already raised our flag, and Spain's representatives were never likely to offer any serious opposition to our selection. There remains the question of the Philippines, which was left open by the protocol, the clause concerning it being thus conceived: "The United States shall occupy and hold the city and harbor of Manila and Subig Bay until a peace commission shall determine the future control, disposition and government of the Philippines." Let us review very briefly the work accomplished by our plenipotentiaries, and then consider the nature of the task which they have still to perform.

There is no doubt that the securing of relief from the whole or a large part of the debt contracted in the name of Cuba was a matter of financial life or death to Spain, and we are, therefore, not surprised that persistent, earnest and even pathetic entreaties to that end have been addressed to our commissioners by the representatives of the defeated power. The bankruptcy, however, of our antagonist is an outcome of the war for which we are not morally responsible. The possibility of such a result should have been foreseen by the Spanish Ministers, when they too lightly entered on a contest in which they had small chances of success. To those who drove Senor Sagasta, against his will, into hostilities, and who now reproach him with leaving Spain under the unbearable burden of the Cuban debt, he may reply, in the words of Milton:

"This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall."

No intelligent Spaniard who kept in view the terms of the resolutions of Congress, in pursuance of which our Executive entered upon war, could have expected us to assume the huge indebtedness contracted by Spain for her own purposes in the name of her American dependencies. Those resolutions bound us not to assert sovereignty over Cuba. Having thus eschewed the rights of sovereignty, we rid ourselves, also, of its duties, and, among these, the duty of assuming pecuniary obligations, which, according to some precedents, are transferred by the conveyance of mortgaged territory from one to another power. So far as Cuba is concerned, we entered upon the contest with no greed for annexation, but as the disinterested friends of the people of that island. We cannot, therefore, with any show of fidelity to our declared intention, undertake to impose, in advance and arbitrarily, a crushing financial burden upon the independent government which the Cuban people may establish. Even in the case of Puerto Rico, had a large debt been contracted in the name of that island also, we might justly refuse to take the debt upon our shoulders, although our assumption

of sovereignty there is undeniable, for the reason that we have forborne to exact any pecuniary indemnity from Spain. Spain could not equitably expect us to do both things; namely, to waive an indemnity upon the one hand, and to assume a debt upon the other. If it be said that Germany in 1871 assumed that fraction of the French public debt which belonged to Alsace-Lorraine, we reply that she also extorted from what was left of France an indemnity of a billion dollars. It is true that, in the case of Mexico in 1848, we not only exacted no pecuniary indemnity, but paid eighteen million dollars for the cession of California and New Mexico. By that remarkable transaction, President Polk may be said to have offered a counsel of perfection, which his successors are not bound to follow, and upon which no other nation in the world has ever acted. There were, moreover, special reasons for an act which caused the critics of Polk to say that, by his generals' victories, he had gained, not assets, but liabilities.

When we come to the Philippines, it can hardly be disputed that the situation created by the protocol differs from that in which we are placed as regards Cuba, Puerto Rico, and a port in the Ladrões. In respect to the three territories last named, no rights whatever are conceded to Spain by the terms of the protocol. On the other hand, the protocol expressly states that the Peace Commission, in which Spain is to have an equal voice, shall determine the future disposition, control and government of the Philippines. It is, then, apparently conceded that Spain still has rights in the Philippine archipelago, and that the Commission simply has the power to distinguish them from those claimed by the United States. There are those who say that no such concession was needed on the part of our government, and that, had the fleet of ironclads, which was ready for the purpose, been despatched to the coast of Spain, the Madrid government would have given up the Philippines as unreservedly as it gave up Puerto Rico. It should be, however, remembered that, at the date when the protocol was signed, President McKinley was by no means certain that public opinion in the United States would sanction our acquisition of an empire in the Far East. He has no longer any doubt upon the subject. He has had overwhelming proofs of the popular conviction that no part of the results, which would naturally flow from Dewey's victory at Cavité and from the subsequent occupation of the capital of the Philippines by General Merritt, should be surrendered. The American people will not acknowledge that Spain has the right to retain a single island in the Philippine archipelago, or to sell one to any foreign power except the United States. What, then, are the rights of Spain in the Philippines, which the protocol apparently concedes, and how can the Peace Commission agree on a definition of them which will be ratified by American public opinion, and by the body which reflects that opinion, the Federal Senate? Evidently, our plenipotentiaries in Paris have found their work cut out for them now that they have come to the concluding part of the business imposed upon them by the protocol. We believe, however, that the rights of the United States and of Spain in the Philippines are by no means so irreconcilable as they may look, and we have faith that through the payment of some money on our part an accommodation of ostensibly conflicting interests will be reached upon the basis of a cession of all the islands to the American republic.

GRATITUDE TO GOD

Every devout Christian should rejoice that the Chief Executive of this nation and the Governors of the different States are accustomed once a year to invite the people of the United States to return thanks to God for His blessings to us. The invitation of the Chief Magistrate is not without deep significance, for he represents a whole people. He is the mouthpiece through which the strong faith and high hopes of the national heart find fitting expression. In a few days the world will witness a spectacle as edifying as it is unique, of seventy millions of people bowed in mind and heart before the throne of the Most High God.

It is a healthy sign then to see our President officially proclaiming the supreme dominion and fatherly supervision of our Creator. His act is an object-lesson to the nation, and a salutary reminder to ourselves of a duty, most necessary indeed, but too often neglected—that of gratitude to God. And how strange it is that we should need any such reminder, for no vice is more hurtful to ourselves, none more abhorred by men, none more odious to God than the vice of unthankfulness. "The earth," says St. Paul, "that drinketh in the rain which cometh often upon it and . . . which bringeth forth thorns and briers is rejected . . . whose end is to be burnt" (Heb. vi. 7-8). And shall not the soul that drinks in the rain of divine grace, and that brings forth no fruits of thanksgiving, but only thorns of ingratitude, be likewise rejected? for God's grace is too precious to be rejected.

Man has a positive abhorrence of ingratitude. Other sins may sometimes be palliated as resulting from momentary passion or dread of confusion; but ingratitude always betrays a cold, heartless disposition. In the light of these truths we can better appreciate the extreme pathos of the complaint: "I have brought up children and exalted them; but they have despised Me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel hath not known Me, and My people have not understood" (Isa. i. 2-3). But we will not longer study the lesson by indirection. More encouraging thoughts await us.

God is the Author of every good gift. He is the source of every blessing, natural and supernatural, that comes to us. These facts supply the basis and reason of gratitude.

God has given us life. How precious is life! It would be precious in any form. But when we step from nothingness into the hierarchy of being, His image is fresh upon us. He has endowed us with sublime intelligence, with free will and an immortal soul, so that it can be truly said that we have been "made little less than the angels and crowned with glory and honor." Nor has God been unmindful of the sphere in which our activities must be exercised. In the dim mist of the past, known as the beginning, He was laying the foundations of our future place of sojourn. The earth He clothed with freshness and beauty, and on every spot He scattered evidences of His power, and wisdom, and magnificence. The love of parents, stronger than death, the devotion of friends, the kindness of benefactors are the spontaneous growth of the paradise of His planting—given to support, to encourage, to console.

The Almighty hand that created us is ever extended to sustain us. He is the Life of our life. He is the breath of our nostrils. We should thank God not only for the temporal favors that He vouchsafes to send us, but even for the afflictions and humiliations with which He visits us. We should kiss the hand that strikes, as well as the hand that caresses us; for whether He smites or caresses, He is always Our Father. Wayward children we may be, preferring the yoke of the stranger to the mild restraints of home. Though we despise His affection and trample upon His commandments, He follows us through all our wanderings and considers that day blessed in which we consent to return and claim our birthright.

If we should be grateful to God for the gift of creation, how much more should we be for the supernatural blessing of the Redemption. When He would reveal Himself, He chooses to clothe Himself in the sympathies of our human nature. The very clod whence the body of man was taken has pressed the feet of the Eternal God, and has been consecrated by the contact. Plato is justly considered the most profound philosopher of Pagan times. He was the light and glory of ancient Greece. This great philosopher was accustomed to thank his Maker for two things: first, that he was born in a country so enlightened and cultivated as Greece; second, that he had Socrates for his master. How thankful we ought to be that we have Christ the Lord for our Teacher who "is the power and the wisdom of God." He who dwelt in inaccessible light condescends to lay aside the glory which was His from eternity to rescue us from the bondage of sin and bequeath to us the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Once again, if we should be grateful that He has sent His sun to shine on us, how much more that He hath sent His Holy Spirit to illumine our mind and to inflame our heart! The glory of our civilization lies in this, that it is Christian.

In its ripeness, it is but the unfolding and application to things earthly of those eternal principles which Christ brought from heaven.

The Catholic Church is deeply sensible of Heaven's favors to the children of men. Our Saviour was once sacrificed for our Redemption on the altar of the cross. And, from the rising to the setting of the sun, she daily commemorates this great event on ten thousand altars by the great Eucharistic Sacrifice, which, as the very name implies, is a Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

America, too, shows that she is not unmindful of the gifts and graces of which she has been the beneficiary.

If she reserve one day on which to render special thanks to God, it is because she realizes that "He hath not done in like manner to every nation; and His judgments He hath not made manifest to them."

Her heart is touched by gratitude, and "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS
(Archbishop of Baltimore).



DRAWN BY W. T. MEDLEY

THANKSGIVING DAY—AFTER THE SERVICE

THE SECOND MRS. BRATTLEBORO'S FIRST THANKSGIVING

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

WHATEVER you do, Mary Anne, don't marry a widower," said the second Mrs. Brattleboro, with rolling-pin suspended in air.

Mary Anne Plunkett, spinster, had come down from Concord to Plymouth to spend Thanksgiving, and on the day before the great feast was assisting her cousin in preparing the dessert for the next day's dinner. Kitty Brattleboro had a cook, but to better please her husband, Paul, whom she adored despite his previous widowerhood, had given cook a holiday, and was making the maligned Paul's favorite sweets herself.

"I shall never marry at all," replied Mary Anne, stoning raisins in a chair by the window.

"You don't know. Marriage is a probability for

every woman till she reaches thirty, between thirty and forty a possibility, after forty an accident—I don't refer to widows—and you, Mary Anne, have not quite arrived at the accidental age, so my warning is strictly in order; don't marry a widower."

Mary Anne had had her romance, but Kittie was not aware of it. Most old maids have. And in spite of the fact Mary Anne still preserved a lively interest in lovers, even married ones; and if Kittie had any confidence to impart she was ready, as a relative, to listen and help her to out with it.

"Be careful, Kittie. You might be misunderstood—that is, if you talked so to any one but me. Paul was a model husband to poor dear Leonora."

The second Mrs. Brattleboro dropped the rolling-pin.

"For Heaven's sake, Mary Anne, don't fancy I'm complaining. Paul is perfect. Of course, he was a model husband to Leonora Brattleboro, for he is a model husband to me; still, when a man tries to love one wife in the spirit and another in the flesh—well, the better he succeeds the more trying it is to the living woman. But I'd better begin at the beginning."

"Yes, do," threw in the spinster sympathetically.

"You know I met Paul here in Plymouth. I came down from Springfield with Mattie Hildreth and her aunt for a month at the Samoset House. I was romantic then, and I fell in love with Paul almost at first sight, though I knew he was a widower; and now I've been married a year, I vow to you, Mary Anne, while I love Paul a thousand times better than ever, there isn't an

atom of romance in me. It's strange. Girls fancy that one can't love unless one is romantic, and the truth is, love never comes till romance is gone—I mean the hang-on-like-grim-death kind."

"Perhaps—I don't know," said Mary Anne, flouting the raisins. "But you had a right to be romantic about Paul, he is so good-looking."

"Yes, isn't he the handsomest man you ever saw? Yet looking back on it now, it was a queer courtship. Paul began to make love to me by telling me how he loved Leonora and worshiped her memory. I listened to him and seemed to be hearing a beautiful story. He said he should never part with Leonora, but keep her in his heart always, and I suppose I fell in love with Paul's love for Leonora. It was such a grand love, and he told it so sublimely. Then—I don't know how it happened—Paul glided from Leonora to me. I was to take her place and live out her life. When he lived in the past he would live with Leonora, and when he lived in the present he would live with me."

"With which is he going to live in the future?"

"That's the question; and it's positively maddening. I assure you, Mary Anne, no human being can enter into my feelings. If Paul is absent-minded or thoughtless, I say to myself, 'There he is thinking of Leonora.' When he is asleep I fancy he is dreaming of Leonora. It is only when I am talking to him that I feel quite sure that he is mine. He is kind, loving, never cross, and gratifies my every wish, and he thinks that I am perfectly satisfied and happy, and—I don't dare to let him think otherwise, and when he speaks of Leonora—"

"What! does he talk of Leonora still?"

"Most every day."

"And what do you say?"

"I can't say anything. Perhaps I go and look out of the window—I really go to gnaw the curtain—and Paul supposes I am much affected; for he comes to me, and putting his arm about me pets me and wipes away my tears."

The second Mrs. Brattleboro paused in her woful tale, and Mary Anne looked out the window down the lane where the Indian Summer still lingered, and, gazing where the browning leaves lay in spicy drifts upon the grass silvered in the sunlight with a myriad cobwebs, her mind reverted to the grave she had left in Concord. Her lover was under the turf, but he had never loved any one but her, and he was hers forever.

The second Mrs. Brattleboro resumed, and the old maid jumped.

"Something's going to happen before long, Mary Anne."

"What do you mean, Kittie?"

"I can't keep it up much longer. I can't live out Leonora's life for Paul. It must be either Leonora or me; Paul can take his choice."

"You are right. I'd have it out with him."

"I intend to. But I can't do it with a cool head. It will happen at some desperate moment. Mary Anne, Paul Brattleboro is a puzzle to me. I don't understand him. I can't talk to him on certain subjects. When I approach them he doesn't stop me by word or gesture, but he surrounds himself with a kind of atmosphere—I can't describe it in any other way—that seems to paralyze my tongue. Then by-and-by he begins another topic with such a sweet smile I forgive him all."

"Kittie, you are afraid of Paul."

"I am. I own it. He's fifteen years older than I am."

The two women mixed the raisins with the other ingredients of the plum-pudding to be boiled next day, and began at the pumpkin pies.

"I know Leonora only by her photograph. Was she very beautiful, Mary Anne?"

"Very. She died abroad, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"But where?"

"Nobody knows. Every one believes she died in Rome, but I have positive knowledge that she did not," and the second Mrs. Brattleboro turned very white and sat down by the window.

"Dear me, Kittie, are you going to faint? Lean your head on the sill," exclaimed Mary Anne, fanning her vigorously with a newspaper. "It must be the heat of the stove."

"No, Mary Anne, I'm only morbid and nervous. When I reason with myself I know there's nothing wrong. I know that Paul is all right—that he wouldn't—but suppose that Leonora isn't dead—suppose she has only lost her mind and that Paul has left her abroad hopelessly insane! I repeat to you, Mary Anne, that all that anybody really knows is that Paul went abroad with the first Mrs. Brattleboro and came home without her."

"Kittie Plunkett Brattleboro, you are a foolish little woman. You are tormenting yourself for nothing, and if you don't stop it Paul will be putting you in an insane asylum instead of Leonora," laughed Mary Anne.

Then she continued more seriously. "I agree with you perfectly that you don't understand Paul Brattleboro. He is eccentric, I will admit, and he knows he is, and I think that is why he is shy and reserved on certain subjects. He is sentimental by nature, and he has kept his romantic feelings, and you, by your own confession, have lost yours, and there lies the cause of all the trouble. The truth is, Kittie, you have deceived Paul, in a way."

"I deceive Paul?"

"Yes. You thought you were romantic and you made Paul believe so, too; and you have been trying to live up to what you thought you were, and it's too much for you. I am afraid I am not making myself very clear."

"Go on. I think I begin to understand a little," said the second Mrs. Brattleboro, knitting her brows.

"Kittie, Paul is good and true to the core, but, inheriting property, he had no need to work. Such being the case, had he been an ordinary man he might have taken to horses, dogs, dissipation, or any of the things

an unintellectual being uses to murder time. But Paul has a mind which must be employed in some way. At first he dipped into ethics at the Summer School here, which was all right, only it did not suffice. Then he went in for other studies, and investigated theosophy, telepathy, spiritualism, hypnotism, and all manner of strange subjects. Now you don't care for any of these things."

"Not a bean."

"Nor is it necessary that you should. Still, the existing state of affairs must be changed, though I cannot, at the moment, see how the change is to be brought about. But it seems to me, Kittie, if you would quit acting a part and let Paul know you as you really are—a bright, winsome, matter-of-fact little woman—that he would love you just as well, and the memory of Leonora would assume its normal proportion, if it did not shrivel up and disappear like a morning mist. If Paul did not speak of Leonora so frequently he would think of her less. As for Leonora being still alive—it's all moonshine. If the truth were known you would find that Paul had celebrated her obsequies in some strange and sentimental fashion of which he is shy of speaking, and that is all there is of the mystery."

"Mystery!" exclaimed the second Mrs. Brattleboro, putting a row of pumpkin pies into the oven, and pouncing on Mary Anne's last word; "I detest mysteries and I shall never be happy till I find out where Leonora Brattleboro is buried," and closing the oven door with a bang, she laughed hysterically till she began to cry, and then to cry and laugh at the same time.

"Mary Anne, the whole affair reminds me of Poe's 'Raven.' I am sure I have pondered till I'm weak and weary." Do you suppose if I presented Paul with a copy of Poe's poem and put a bust of Pallas on the mantel and stuck a stuffed crow on top of it—do you suppose that Paul would take the hint?"

"Kittie Brattleboro, you are too absurd."

"I've got to be absurd or scream, Mary Anne. You can take your choice."

The second Mrs. Brattleboro wiped her eyes and gradually became calm.

"Mary Anne, there's more to come. I haven't told you of Paul's mysterious visit to Boston and his queer conduct about the valise. It is the strangest development of all. Yesterday morning Paul received a telegram. He did not let me see it. He did not tell me what it was about. He merely said he must catch the next train for Boston, and that he would come back this morning early—before you arrived. At nine o'clock this morning he drove up in a cab, got out and turned to get his valise. It was not in the cab. Mary Anne, if I live a thousand years I can never forget Paul Brattleboro's behavior when he discovered that the valise was missing. I was standing at the window and saw it all. For half a minute he stood like a man frozen. Then, giving a hoarse exclamation, he jumped on the box and, snatching the reins from the cabman, he drove back to the station like a madman."

"Did he find it?"

"Yes, he came back in a few minutes with the valise, but looking very pale."

"Did he say where he had found it, or anything about his fright? Most men would."

"Not a word. He put the valise carefully away, kissed me, changed his clothes, and hurried down to the station to meet you."

"Perhaps there was a large sum of money in the valise."

"I've thought of that, but it can't be explained that way. Paul is never mysterious regarding money. He tells me all about his business. No, Mary Anne, it isn't that, but it may be some document or other relating to the first Mrs. Brattleboro. I know it, Mary Anne, I feel it. Perhaps Leonora has recovered her mind and is coming back to America," and the second Mrs. Brattleboro wrung her hands in terror.

Mary Anne looked at her and began to wish herself back in Concord. A fine prospect, indeed, for a joyous Thanksgiving! She must be firmer with Kittie.

"Kittie Brattleboro, don't be a fool! I tell you, Leonora is dead and in her grave."

"If she is, Mary Anne Plunkett, I'm going to find out where she is buried if it parts Paul and me forever!" and the second Mrs. Brattleboro's blue eyes blazed so fiercely that they dried the tears on her lashes.

"How are you going to do it?"

"I'm going into that valise. Paul was so upset when he thought he had lost it that he left the key in his traveling suit."

"How do you know?"

"I've been through his pockets. You needn't look so shocked, Mary Anne. It's a perfectly legitimate thing in wedlock, especially when a husband returns from a journey. When I married Paul Brattleboro he endowed me with all his worldly goods. There was an exception made of pockets—or valises," and without more ado Kittie Brattleboro hurried from the kitchen, leaving her cousin aghast.

"Don't touch that valise, Kittie; you'll regret it all your life. It's—it's dis-hon-orable," ejaculated the spinster in a loud crescendo. But Kittie was half-way upstairs.

Mary Anne dropped into a chair. She had relieved her conscience by the protest and now with a beating heart she awaited the result of Kittie's search. It was not long in coming. In less than five minutes a scream rang from the floor above, followed by a heavy fall.

Mary Anne Plunkett leaped from her seat and rushed upstairs.

"Mary Anne—I've seen her—I've seen Leonora!" gasped the second Mrs. Brattleboro, reviving from her swoon with her head upon her cousin's lap.

Mary Anne sprang to her feet, letting Kittie's head bump the floor.

"Merciful Heaven! Not in broad daylight!" exclaimed Mary Anne, looking behind her with cold chills

running down her spine. "Kittie, what do you mean?"

Kittie raised herself to a sitting position and pressed her hand to her side.

"Lock the door and I'll tell you."

The old maid turned the key and came back with shaking knees.

"Look, Mary Anne!" said Kittie, still sitting on the floor.

Mary Anne again felt her skin turning to gooseflesh, but she followed her cousin's gesture.

"I—I see nothing but a broken cologne bottle," said the trembling woman. Kittie's mind was gone, she was quite sure.

"I'm not mad, Mary Anne, but you are nearsighted," said Kittie, reading the old maid's face. "Between the broken bottle and the valise don't you see something?"

"Yes, another queer-looking bottle."

"Well, that—that bottle," said the second Mrs. Brattleboro, rising to her feet and pointing tragically to the object in question, "that queer-looking bottle is the urn that holds Leonora Brattleboro's ashes. She was not buried. She was cremated!"

"Cremated!" echoed Mary Anne involuntarily in her astonishment. Then she recovered herself and took Paul's part. "Well, cremation is no crime. Leonora was Paul Brattleboro's wife, and when she died he had a right to cremate her if he wanted to."

"I don't dispute the right."

"Well, that—that bottle," said the second Mrs. Brattleboro, returning the urn to the valise at arm's length and with averted face. "I am sure I like Leonora better cremated than crazy. It is better for her, better for me; and Paul prefers her that way or he wouldn't have—have bottled her."

"But, Kittie," said Mary Anne, going back, "why was Paul telegraphed for?"

"The despatch announced the arrival of the steamer that brought the urn."

"Why was it not brought before?"

"That's the only thing I haven't found out. Perhaps Paul wished a united family on Thanksgiving. It may be that he is going to hold a kind of second funeral to-morrow in the presence of his relatives. But there's one thing he shall not do, or if he does it I shall leave him, for it's the last straw."

"What is it?"

"It is this. I'll put up with Leonora's photograph, but Paul Brattleboro shall not keep his first wife's ashes in this room."

"Stuff and nonsense! Paul has no thought of such a thing."

"Hasn't he!" And Kittie led Mary Anne to a corner and pointed to the wall where just below Leonora's photograph hung a little ebony box beautifully carved and inlaid. "There! that came yesterday. Look at it. Just in keeping in the matter of height and everything. Was anything ever more appropriate? Mary Anne, it was meant for Leonora!"

Circumstantial evidence was so strong that Mary Anne said nothing.

"Now, Mary Anne," resumed the second Mrs. Brattleboro solemnly, "I don't know if it is Paul's idea to put the urn there without my knowledge; probably not; though my submissive unacquisitive behavior in the past might lead him to think it quite feasible; or if he intends that I shall assist in placing Leonora in this niche. I shall wait till bedtime to see. Then if he says nothing I shall take the initiative and do as you advise—have it out with him. Somehow, since I have found out the truth I have lost my fear of Paul Brattleboro, and Leonora shall go to the family vault where she belongs this very night or I shall get a divorce."

"You can't get a divorce, Kittie. There is no legal cause for one."

"Then—then I shall go straight back to mamma!"

And the second Mrs. Brattleboro took the valise back to the place where her husband had left it, and returned the bunch of keys to his traveling suit, while Mary Anne removed the broken cologne bottle which Kittie had upset in her fall, and smoothed out the crumpled rug. The old maid was not accustomed to scenes and wished to remove all traces of the recent excitement. The tragic plane on which she had been moving for the last ten minutes almost made her giddy, and her strained nerves craved some commonplace occurrence to relieve their tension. It arrived in the most prosaic fashion. Mary Anne sniffed.

"Kittie Brattleboro, the pies are burning!" and the two women hurried below just in time to rescue the imperiled pastry.

"They are done to a turn," said Kittie, taking half a dozen golden pies from the oven.

"They are perfect," agreed Mary Anne.

"And I am so glad," sighed the second Mrs. Brattleboro. "I would not have had them spoiled for the world. They may be the last Thanksgiving pies I shall ever bake for Paul on earth."

In an hour supper-time came, but the meal was not a brilliant one. How could it be so? Kittie said almost nothing, yet her bright pink cheeks and glistening eyes lent her the look of one who had just spoken or was going to speak, and her appearance was very puzzling to Paul Brattleboro. He tried to talk and make the board pleasant to Mary Anne, the newly arrived guest, but no topic lasted more than a minute, for all seemed to be of the same opinion on every subject. At the end of ten minutes Paul felt like a man who has been striking wet matches, and gave up. If Kittie and Mary Anne had been having a tiff it was best, he thought, to be silent.

Tea over, Mary Anne Plunkett went to her room. She said she was tired, which was quite true, but not in a physical sense, for she did not disrobe. She doubted if she should go to bed all night. What would be the use when she was sure she should not close her eyes till morning. In a few moments Paul and Kittie

THANK-OFFERING AFTER VICTORY

NOW IS THY THANK-OFFERING READY, MY LAND?
BEFORE HIM IN HUMBLE JOY DOST THOU STAND?

I

*For word came, at length, to the Nation at rest;
"Arise, and go forth in thy power untried.
Be thou the bulwark of them oppressed—
Of the spirits that long in bondage have sighed.
Thou art young, and the storms of the world thou shalt
breast;
Thou hast hope, and no longer its light shalt thou
hide.*

II

*"Arise, and go forth in thy power untried—
A sword and a shield unto them oppressed!
Annealed in the lightnings that sword shall divide,
And under that shield shall nothing molest!
Thou shalt be as the force of the inrolling tide
On the shores of the East, as on shores of the West!"*

III

*A sword and a shield unto them oppressed—
With splendors that darted far and wide,
The Nation arose, that erst was at rest.
And the stars of her shield were vigilant-eyed,
As she rose—as she moved, on her missioned
hest,
And the stripes of her shield the oppressor
defied!*

IV

*With splendors that darted far and wide,
My Nation went forth, in panoply dressed.
The fleet of the foeman was swept aside,
And his citadelle heights of their strength dis-
possessed;
While the paean of victory East replied
To the paean of victory chanted West!*

V

*Word came to the Nation in panoply dressed:
"Be not the Hand that is o'er thee denied—
That endued thee with power, that of power can
divest!
Cease, lest the fruits of thy glory be pride;
And, because thou wert chosen above the rest,
Give thanks that to thee did such glory betide!"*

VI

*"Be not the Hand that is o'er thee denied—
That led thee, that stays thee, thou servant con-
fessed!
But as David the King, on whose seal was descried
The sign of the spirit that ruled in his breast
(That staff wherewith the flocks he did guide),
Be lowly, be grateful, thou Nation at rest!"*

NOW IS THY THANK-OFFERING READY, MY LAND?
BEFORE HIM IN HUMBLE JOY DOST THOU STAND?

—EDITH M. THOMAS



ascended the stairs in silence to their room, and when they had closed the door Mary Anne put on her wrapper, donned her slippers and settled herself in a rocking chair preparatory to her vigil.

After she had sat gazing into the fire for a long time she gave a sudden start. She had not said her prayers, and she ought to pray whether she went to bed or not. She got out her Bible and read a chapter, and then knelt. But when she came to "Now I lay me," she paused abruptly. It would be a mockery to say that prayer when she was not going to sleep, nor even to lie down. Yet it would be equally a sin to cut her prayers short, especially at a time when there was so much trouble in the house; so, after a few moments' reflection, she took her prayer-book and read the litany, ending up with the collect for peace, and felt better.

The house was horribly still, and it seemed to Mary Anne not the silence of rest but the hush of watchfulness. She could actually hear her heart beat, and when she glanced at the clock and saw it was only ten she thought how foolish she had been to bid Paul and Kittie good-night so soon, for Kittie had said she did not intend to have it out with Paul till bedtime. Mary Anne wondered if it were over. She opened her door softly and peered down the hall and saw a thin line of light gleaming from under Kittie's door. Then feeling as if she had done something very wrong, she sat down again shivering by the fire.

Mary Anne tried to be just in her judgment, yet her heart went out to Kittie and she could not help feeling provoked at Paul. She was not surprised at his conduct, indeed it was just what might have been expected of him, if it had entered any one's head to expect such a singular thing at all. Yes, she should take Kittie's part and leave the house with her if Paul did not come to his senses, and arrive at them quickly, too. If cremation was not a crime, as she had told Kittie it was not, neither was it a Christian custom, and Paul might well feel shy of introducing it into any Christian community. As for bringing Leonora's ashes into the house, and keeping them in Kittie's bedroom, it was worse than burying one's relatives in the cellar next to the potato bin.

"Mary Anne!"

She leaped from her chair.

"Mary Anne, come here."

It was Paul Brattleboro's voice, and with her heart in her mouth she answered the summons in person. Paul stood just without Kittie's door.

"Mary Anne," said Paul nervously, "come in to Kittie. I'm afraid she's—she's losing her mind."

"If she is, it's all your fault, Paul Brattleboro."

Kittie stood leaning on the mantel, and shaking with a nervous chill.

"Mary Anne, I waited and he would not speak, and now I have begun, he won't understand me. He pretends to believe I am ill—talks of sending for the doctor."

"Paul Brattleboro, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Mary Anne was indignant. "Yes, he ought, Mary Anne, but he isn't. Paul, you can't impose on Mary Anne. I may be a silly little idiot, but she is a woman of brains, and she'll stand by me. Won't you, Mary Anne?"

"Yes, Kittie, I will," and Mary Anne faced Paul with blazing cheeks.

The man looked from one to the other, then walked quickly toward the door where Mary Anne intercepted him and dragged him back by the lapel of his coat.

"You shan't leave the room till this matter is settled, Paul Brattleboro."

The blood of the Plunketts was up. It had fought at Bunker Hill.

"Why won't you understand, Paul, that concealment is useless? Why don't you go get her?" cried Kittie.

"Get whom?" asked Paul Brattleboro wildly.

"Leonora!"

The man sank in a chair.

"You might as well give up, for Mary Anne has seen her as well as I. Go unpack her—go bring the urn, I say."

"Yes, Kittie, that's the only way to make him confess. Paul Brattleboro, if you have an atom of manhood you'll bring that valise," said Mary Anne.

"I don't know what you are talking about, either of you," said Paul Brattleboro desperately. "But I'll do anything under heaven to stop all this nonsense," and the badgered man brought forward the valise and felt for his keys.

The second Mrs. Brattleboro leaned on Mary Anne and sobbed hysterically.

"If I were to die, Mary Anne, do you think he would take me to a—creamery and burn me too, and go on making a collection of wives as if we were postage stamps?"

Paul wrenched open the valise and poured the contents on the floor.

"Now what is that, Paul Brattleboro?"

"Yes, what is it, you miserable man?"

"Don't utter an untruth over your dead wife."

"No wonder you never told poor Kittie where she was buried," exclaimed the second Mrs. Brattleboro and Mary Anne Plunkett by turns.

"My first wife, Leonora Saltonstall Brattleboro, died at Nice, and there she lies buried. I can show you the title deed to her grave. Kittie, I am sure I told you all about it."

"Then whose are the ashes in that urn?" demanded the two women in a breath.

"Ashes!"—"Urn!"—"Great Scott! why this is a bottle of French tooth-powder I bought while I was in Boston."

Then Paul Brattleboro placed the object in question with his razor and strop in the little ebony box on the wall.

At this astounding announcement Mary Anne gave Kittie an awful look, then thrust her gasping cousin from her shoulder without waiting to see if Paul caught her, and left the room.

"But, Paul, what made you rush back so frantically for the valise?" asked Kittie, when quiet was restored and explanations were in order.

"I had left it on the car. The train sometimes stops twenty minutes. I wished to recover the valise before it left, or telegraph to the next station."

"And you are sure you love me as well as you did Leonora?"

"Far better."

"Then why do you speak of her so often?"

"To please you, Kittie. You used to say you loved me because I was so faithful to Leonora's memory."

"I know I did, but it's different now."

The second Mrs. Brattleboro sighed upon her husband's shoulder in the fullness of content. Then she raised her head.

"Paul, we will never have a secret from each other again."

"Never."

"Then, perhaps I ought to tell you that I have made you some of the most delicious pumpkin pies that ever were. And now that you know everything that I do, I'll call Mary Anne. Poor old thing! I know she feels badly at making such a fool of herself. And you, Paul, bring a pitcher of cider from the cellar and kiss me before you go, for to-morrow will be the thankfulest Thanksgiving of all my life."

OUR NOTE-BOOK

WE AT present comprise—not journalistically but nationally—forty-five states, five territories, one colony and one annex. This list Cuba and the Philippines will elongate. Unless both are handed over soon we may, for the bother of the delay, take the Canaries also. Concerning Cuba and the Philippines we have been submerged with information. There is not a newspaper reader here who could not give points to the oldest inhabitant on them. Concerning the Canaries we are not as well posted. In view of future possibilities now is the time to subscribe. Kennst Du das Land wo die Citronen blühen? There it is. The Canaries are the Fortunate Isles. The girls who used to live there were called the Hesperides. They passed the time in eating oranges under the chaparrone of a dragon. Hercules killed the diuenna and opened the land to commerce. Thereafter the oranges were used for export purposes. They had a specific quality. They acted as love philters. Hence the diuenna. Still cultivated, they have lost their savor. By way of compensation the Canary grape produced a wine that had almost the same effect. Not Hercules but the phylloxera killed it. Of the name Pliny says: "Canaria, so called from dogs of great size." Unless Spain bestirs herself, there may bark at those isles bigger ones yet. The disturbance at an end, the list of our annexes will be increased. The more the merrier.

THE CANARIES, however interesting retrospectively, are strategically unimportant. For the present, at least. On the highroad to Spain, Puerto Rico is a posting-house, the Canaries are another. But just now we are not posting in that direction. The Berlin "Kladderatsch" recently provided a series of cartoons labeled Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow. In the first Uncle Sam is discovered glum and gloomy beside a large syphon of Dr. Monroe's Seltzer Wasser. In the second there is Uncle Sam tight and tipsy from the alcoholism of colonial wine. In the third, fighting drunk he is disturbing the peace of Europe. The horseshoe is funny but fallacious. The label is a libel. Uncle Sam's interest in Europe is of the remote and unobtrusive kind which a gentleman residing on Fifth Avenue may take in a Harlem neighbor. England may wring France's neck, Germany may eat her up, Austria may disintegrate, Italy collapse, Spain crumble, the Czar stalk into Constantinople and, apart from civil interest and the pleasure of reading about it in the morning paper, Uncle Sam would not give a darn. How his attitude may change—not to-morrow but a century hence—he does not know, nor does the "Kladderatsch" either. In considering his Thanksgiving turkey he has at present an eye to the West indeed, but only over those channels which lead beyond it to the East—to that trade, already great and prospectively greater, which will follow the flag across the Pacific to the doors of the marts of Cathay.

NEW YORK may be wide open, but the wideness of the opening is narrow beside that of Paris. The statement, we are aware, has the aspect of a platitude. There is a novelty behind it. The "Journal de l'Hôtel," a pink Parisian periodical, provides in a recent issue the names and addresses of six society women to whose kettledrums and five-o'clocks the outer world is admitted on payment of an entrance fee. These ladies all figure in the Almanach du High-Life. Their box-office receipts are devoted to charity, which, as some one somewhere sagely stated, begins at home. After all, why not? Besides, the idea is but the Champs Elysées development of a Mayfair enterprise. Mr. Hooley testified the other day that he paid Sir William Marriott one thousand pounds for introducing him at the Carlton Club. A little while ago Lord Willie Nevill—at present in jail—was shown to have turned many an honest guinea through taking strangers in. Just now a duchess is the recognized intermediary between Chicago and Court. The Champs Elysées process is the same system simplified. The middleman being eliminated, and with him his profits, consumer and producer are to their common advantage enabled to trade face to face. That is the way business should be conducted. Now why should not the system be adopted here? Rates once established in accordance with the laws of supply and demand, the cost of social necessities would diminish and every hardworking bondholder could luxuriate in the crush and pleasure of wide-open teas.

SHELLEY's immature remains, discovered by a literary ragpicker before they were lost and recently handed out to an unfeeling world, have sent barely a ripple over the sea of thought. To the last generation Shelley was a poet; to the generation preceding it, a genius; to the present, he is a memory. That is the way Time levels. A figure appears, looms, transcends; years pass and the giant with them. This idea, on which we lack the naïveté to claim a copyright, Shelley himself prophetic-

ally and faultlessly expressed. Two vast and trunkless legs of stone stand in the desert. On the pedestal these words appear:

"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

In the remains disinterred there is nothing of this, a dribble merely, sufficiently feeble to discredit even the absence of talent which Mr. Alfred Austin conscientiously displays. They belong where they were put, in a dust-bin. The fishing of them out serves no other purpose than that of increasing the store of rubbish. Shelley buried them, or though he did, and their exhumation at this late date is comparable only to ghoul-ing. The person responsible for the act is said to be a bibliophile. Bibliodol would be better.

THE DRUCE CASE, whether founded on fact or founded on fiction, discloses in either event a series of villainies that are almost too good to be true. Not since the great days of "The Terrible Temptation" and the still greater days of "The Moonstone" has England produced anything which for sheer devilry can be compared to it. Personally we prefer it to even "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That story, however upsetting, dealt with ordinary people in extraordinary life. But here is a vanishing nobleman, a real dead duke, who, not content with various villainies, disappeared into a tradesman, had himself die and be buried, and reappearing, frightened his shopfolk into fits. Like the "Mysteries of Udolpho," adventures such as these are too enchanting to have actually occurred. And yet if they did not, what an imagination the plaintiff must possess! Should the latter, nonsuited, take to the pen, the ghosts of Reade, of Collins and of Stevenson may hide their diminished shades. The wickednesses which they evolved are nursery pranks beside the audaciousness of this romance. In any event, the utilization of the plot is certain. Plots nowadays are by no means a drug in the market. A tip-top one like this won't go long a-begging. With entire deference we may in passing signal it to the attention of our eminent and distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. To-and-Frohmán. Localized and adapted by him, it should prove to be the play which we all await. The rightful heir changed into a Fifth Avenue girl and the wrongful duke made after the image of Mr. Croker would constitute a real American drama for real American people and provide more pure enjoyments than even "The Christian" supplies.

PROFESSOR CUMNOCK of Northwestern University will, it is reported, provide at that institution a course in matrimony. What the gentleman's qualifications are the report does not state. In view, however, of his connection with halls so renowned for their learning we assume that they are of the highest order, the result, perhaps, of deep study patiently pursued abroad. In which case his instruction is destined to fill a long-felt want. When we went to college we were taught everything which it was easiest to forget. Our curriculum comprised the largest imaginable number of subjects of which the least possible use could be made. No doubt they were designed for our good, yet we cannot but wonder what difference it would make had they been intended for our harm. We are unable to recall what one of them was about. But that is a detail. The point is, that heretofore no one has known anything of matrimony except those who entered into it, and they could not be bribed to tell. Moreover, it is matter of common notoriety that through ignorance and the absence of instruction the youth of the land went at it blind, and many of them to Sioux Falls. In the circumstances Professor Cumnock's project deserves great praise. Not merely will his students learn something, they will remember it, too. But of what length is his course to be? Necessarily he is aware that the statistics are full of people who marry again and again before they begin to know how. Perhaps, then, if the instruction is not to extend over three or four years, he will permit us to recommend a post-graduate course, one in which a student already in possession of the technicalities of the art may become a thorough specialist.

THE REV. DEMOSTHENES C. CROKER's ante-nuptial arraignment of Colonel Roosevelt's Police Board career was as neat a bit of logic as we have encountered for many a day. Too long to be quoted and applauded in its entirety, there are yet one or two points on which we are constrained to dwell. There, for instance, was the splendid philippic about Captain McClusky and the stirring diatribe about Mrs. Fleming. Colonel Roosevelt was accused of transferring the one and of acquitting the other. Now, strange as it may seem, Captain McClusky, who since Vidocq is the best detective that ever nailed a crook, was indeed transferred, and without rhyme or reason either, but not by the Colonel's command. And, strange too as it may seem, the Colonel had as much to do with the acquittal of Mrs. Fleming as had the Rt. Rev. D. Cato Croker himself. From Superintendent McCullagh, who arrested her, to District Attorney McIntyre, who conducted the prosecution, everybody that had a hand in the case did their best to secure a conviction. In the summing up, during the space of three hours, on an afternoon which was absolutely Cuban, Mr. McIntyre fulminated at the jury with the vehemence of an ironclad in action.

Anteriorly Superintendent—then Inspector—McCullagh presented evidence in sufficient quantities to have convicted not one Mrs. Fleming but a dozen. It was not his fault, nor was it Colonel Roosevelt's fault, that she was acquitted. It was her senior counsel, the late Mr. Brooke, who did the trick, and he managed it, moreover, in a manner quite as dramatic as any which the bar has beheld. But that is a side issue. The point consists in the logic of Mr. Croker's arraignment, and that, though we differ from him in politics, it would be prejudice not to commend.

BRUNETIÈRE's good faith is reported to have been imposed on. He has none. But the circumstances of the case are otherwise diverting. In the "Deux Mondes," which this champion philistine conducts, not long ago there appeared among other twaddle a romance by a young lady whose name was withheld. At the time Brunetière stated that the manuscript had come into his hands through a combination of circumstances which he was unable to reveal yet which but added to the interest and value of the production, etc., etc. So far so good. Now the plot thickens. Recently it has been shown that slices of this romance were scissored out of Balzac. As a result vast delight on one side, mortification morbus on the other. But though the result is apparent the reason is obscure. Over the literary wares of the average young person there is always the trail of the scissors. Moreover, those who want to steal and know where to steal usually steal from Balzac. Nor is the habit confined to young persons. The first three or four chapters of Bourget's "Disciple" are Balzac, not pure or even simple, but they are Balzac all the same. Zola's "Rougon-Macquart" edifice is built on the "Comédie Humaine." Balzac himself was a highwayman. In early life he occupied himself in finding things before they were lost. The dozen or more novels which he published under assumed names are compilations from Scott, from Hoffman and from Pigault Le Brun. The "Deux Mondes" lady need not mind, therefore; and as for Brunetière, he has plenty of other things to be ashamed of.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT, who died mad, for no other reason apparently than because the pulp behind his forehead had deglutinized, used to say that three things dishonored a French writer—a decoration, election to the Academy, and publication in the "Deux Mondes." To be a contributor to it two qualities are essential: dullness and respectability. As De Maupassant's care in avoiding both was extreme, he was not urged to contribute, a fact which might explain the loftiness of his disdain were it not that he was offered the Legion of Honor and refused it. But that is beside the issue. The policy of the "Deux Mondes" was inaugurated not by the present incumbent but by his predecessor, Buloz. To the latter originality in any form assumed the proportions of a misdemeanor. A married man and, apparently, very domestic, his drawing-room, like his mind, was a rendezvous of the commonplace. Suggestively enough, however, it was discovered that while exacting respectability and mediocrity of others he was but mediocrity and respectability himself. He was indeed very domestic—in the homes of other people. The surprise was great. But how delightful it is to believe that because a man preaches morality he must necessarily practice it.

THE MADRID "IMPARCIAL'S" obiter dictum to the effect that hereafter we shall count only as the most numerous and opulent of hordes is quite as instructive as is the Cologne "Gazette's" coincidental remark that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for pushing our Eastern pretensions at the moment when the powers are preparing to get to work and disarm. But the powers are preparing to do nothing of the kind. By one and all the Tsar's rescript has been recognized as a confidence trick. Everybody is aware that Russia's sole object is to finish her dinner off Asia undisturbed. No one need blame her for that. But to fancy that other nations are going to unbuckle their swords and sit around and wait until she has eaten the sweets and had her fill is naïf. Even otherwise a general unbuckling would not tend to secure peace; it would invite an invasion of the Occident by the Orient and promote civil disturbances to boot. Since the Franco-German affair, when the scope of general armament may be said to have become perfected, the one first-class fight which has occurred was pulled off in the Yellow Sea. Practically speaking, during the entire period, now over a quarter of a century long, Europe has been quiet. In modern history cases of similar extent are hard to find. The cause is as simple as A, B, C. It consists in the constant oiling of the machinery of war. Moreover, Russia has talked peace before. That was at the Brussels Conference in 1874. Immediately afterward she was making it hot for the Turkomans. It is worth noting, too, that armed peace does not necessarily mean armed poverty. France and Germany are astonishingly prosperous, and if the same thing can't be said of Italy and Spain it is because they would be bankrupts either way. What the latter need is not to disarm but to regenerate. To return, however, to the Cologne "Gazette" and the Madrid "Imparcial." Supposing, in view of their rebukes, we were to relinquish Eastern pretensions. In that case how long would it be before the Kaiser set about picking up our cigarette stumps?

EDGAR SALTUS.

JACK BRACELIN OF YALE

A FOOTBALL STORY

BY WALTER CAMP



BRACELIN, you run like a cow!" said Otis, the captain of the Yale track team, to one of his recent candidates—"you don't step out, you prance along like this," and, suiting the action to the word, he galloped off a few yards, going exaggeratedly up and down as he ran. "Can't you see that it isn't the distance you travel up toward the sky, but along the track, that does you any good? Make it longer and easier, and not like a rocking-horse." Poor Bracelin, a freshman, who had hoped

because he had beaten some of the boys at school in running to make a place for himself in track athletics when he came to college, stood shamefacedly listening to the frank criticism, but taking his medicine as he should, "like a little man," as the captain afterward said to trainer Langley in talking of the candidates.

At first Bracelin was put among the men trying for the sprints, and was sent over the 100 yards and also the 220, but Yale was very short of men who could run a quarter; so Bracelin was placed among the quarter-milers, and was working steadily and patiently at it when the war talk began, and off he went to camp.

That was the nearest Jack saw of war, for they never went to Cuba at all. But they had hard-hips, and some of the men came to see in "freshman Bracelin" a sturdiness and "sand," as they called it, that made them think a good deal of him.

They did not get back to New Haven until the football season was started, and Jack, who had consoled himself for not having seen active service, and for having missed his chance to get a Y perhaps in the track games, was in his suit and out on the freshman field the very day after he returned. Here his short school record was an aid, for he had played full-back and was a fair punter. So he had a chance there, and as the second eleven on the 'varsity field was very short of kick-

ers, it was not long before one of the coaches had Jack over to help out among the scrub backs. Then, almost at once, in one of the minor games, Jack was given an opportunity to play, as the 'varsity captain was experimenting with his green men. It was in the second half of the Amherst game that he gave Jack a trial. The team used only three or four plays, so Jack mastered the by no means intricate signals and got through fairly well.

"Typhoid? Jack Bracelin!" exclaimed Otis, three days later. "Why, it was only Saturday he played back against Amherst!"

But it didn't prove to be typhoid after all, only malarial fever; and in ten days Jack was able to be about, and by the 1st of November was as strong as ever. But by that time the other candidates had outstripped him, and when he went out to the football field it was not always that he got a chance to play, even on the freshman eleven. But he kept practicing his kicking in the morning, and tried drops as well as punts, and every afternoon found him ready in case there should be a show for him. During the second week in November one of the coaches called him over to the 'varsity field, and he had a chance to play full-back on the scrub side every day for four days, and on Friday was taken to the second eleven training table. Of course he was greatly pleased at this step, but it looked a long way to the 'varsity, as both Douglas, who had played back the year before, and Campbell, the substitute for that position, were playing in great form, and the race for the place was growing closer every day. In the earlier games, while Jack was sick, these two had alternated, one playing the first half and the other the second, and there were not a few who said that Campbell was the better of the two.

On Saturday, the day after Jack went to the second eleven training table, the 'varsity was to play the Indians. Jack, owing to his position on the second eleven, had the privilege of riding out with the team, and was one of the score of subs scattered along the side line when play began. Toward the end of the game Douglas was hurt, and Salisbury, instead of putting Campbell in at full-back, placed him at right half and called Jack in to play full. Jack neither distinguished himself nor made any bad blunders, in spite of the fact that he hardly knew one signal from another. In fact, the heart had been just a little taken out of him by the sight of Douglas' face as he lay on the grass by the side lines. It had shaken

Jack up much more than any hurt he had ever received himself. When the team reached the gym, after the game, they learned that Douglas, while not seriously injured by the fall, had twisted his knee, and it was such a bad injury as to render it impossible for him to recover in time to even think of playing again that season. "That may give you a show, Bracelin," said Merriam as they sat down at table.

"How's that?" said Jack wonderingly, adding, "Campbell is sure of full-back now."

"I don't think so," said Merriam. "He put up too good a game at half to let Salisbury want to give him up there. He's ten per cent better than Root, and showed it this afternoon. You see if they don't give him a try at half and you a chance at full on Monday."

Even this did not raise Jack's spirits very much, for he did not believe that Salisbury would take the risk, with the Harvard game only a week away. But before they had finished dinner Salisbury sent word to Jack that he wanted him to come over to signal practice at the gym that evening. His heart tried to come up in his throat at this message, for it surely meant that he might have a chance.

As he started over for the gym he was joined by Harrison, the 'varsity quarter, who, like Jack, was an old Andover man, and had always had a good word for Jack. As they walked along he ran over the 'varsity signals with Jack.

"Don't get rattled, Bracelin, that's all you have to do. Keep cool and you'll soon have them like a book."

"I don't know about that," said Jack lugubriously, as he tried to remember some of the list.

"Oh, well, Salisbury won't expect you to leave them all pat the first time. Keep track of your own to-night and you'll do well."

By that time they were entering the gymnasium gates, and Jack felt very shaky. When they were all assembled upstairs, Salisbury took Jack to one side and said encouragingly, "I suppose Harrison has run over the signals to you; but of course I shall not expect you to know them all in a minute, and I shall not put you through with the rest until we have gone over them a couple of times with Campbell at full and Root at half. Then I'll put Campbell in at full and you at full, and try them a few times. To-night Harrison will write them out for you, and you will have to study them in your room, so that you will know them by to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," said Jack meekly, wondering where that trigonometry lesson would go to.

"And one more thing, Bracelin, don't make any copy of the list that Harrison gives you, and bring it back to me to-morrow. It's too late in the season to have copies of lists where they might get lost, and some outsider find them."

Then the 'varsity men went through the signals, and Jack stood behind Campbell, trying to put his whole mind on the numbers that Harrison was calling out, and dreading the moment when he would be called upon to go in. It came all too soon, for presently Salisbury called out, "Campbell, you go in at left half, and, Bracelin, you take full."

Then Jack's work began. He managed to get into the interference on the first two or three signals, but as he heard the next one he could not recall what it meant, and simply plunged forward after the half. Unlucky Jack! It was his own signal to take the ball; and there stood Harrison with the ball in his hands when the push had disentangled itself. Then he did better for a few times, but soon missed one of his own signals again. As he was walking back, flushed with shame, little Harrison whispered in his ear, "When I'm going to give one of your signals, I'll put my hand behind me just before it." And sure enough, without any one, even Salisbury, knowing it, Harrison gave that little hint to Jack each time, and no one who has not been in just that trying position can realize just how it helped Jack out. He missed no more of his signals, and Salisbury seemed quite pleased when it was over. Jack was full of gratitude to Harrison, and wanted to tell him so, but he had no chance, as Harrison didn't come near him again. Salisbury, however, said to him, "Come over to the gym lot at a quarter before ten to-morrow morning for some kicking." It is hardly necessary to describe Jack's life for the next four days, but it is certain that he learned more football in that short space of time than any candidate for the 'varsity had for a number of years. In the morning he had one hour of kicking, and in the afternoon the regular practice with the team. In the evening he went through the signals with the rest of the men, and then had a special session with the quarter-back, so that by the time he turned in he was so dead tired he could hardly crawl into bed. The first night he dreamed signals, but after that he slept well. The physician who took care of the team kept him taking two or three doses of quinine every day to prevent any return of the malaria, and so, on the whole, Jack was in pretty good physical condition. Good luck had followed him in the matter of bruises and knocks, so that on Thursday, when the last practice was held, he was at his best, and it was certain he would play in the big game on Saturday. So Harrison told him on the way in, and after signal practice Salisbury repeated the news to him after this fashion, "We shall have to play you Saturday, Bracelin, and, on the whole, I'm not sorry; but I shall be if you get mixed up on those signals, so you'd better look them over pretty carefully."

The game was to be played at Cambridge, and the

Yale team was to leave on the one o'clock train Friday afternoon for Boston. They started from the New Haven House, and as the hacks carrying them and their luggage drove off, there was a good old "brex-ke-ke-kax" following them. Jack felt a thrill as he heard it, and was resolved that he would make ten yards every time the ball was given to him, when little Harrison, who was crowded in next to him, said with that clairvoyant keenness of his, "There, Jack, you needn't be making up your mind to get four touchdowns all by yourself in the first half. Leave something for the rest of us!" Jack flushed up, as the joke hit close home. Then he said good-naturedly, "You guessed pretty near it, but I'll be glad if I don't make some fluke that will let Harvard get a touchdown."

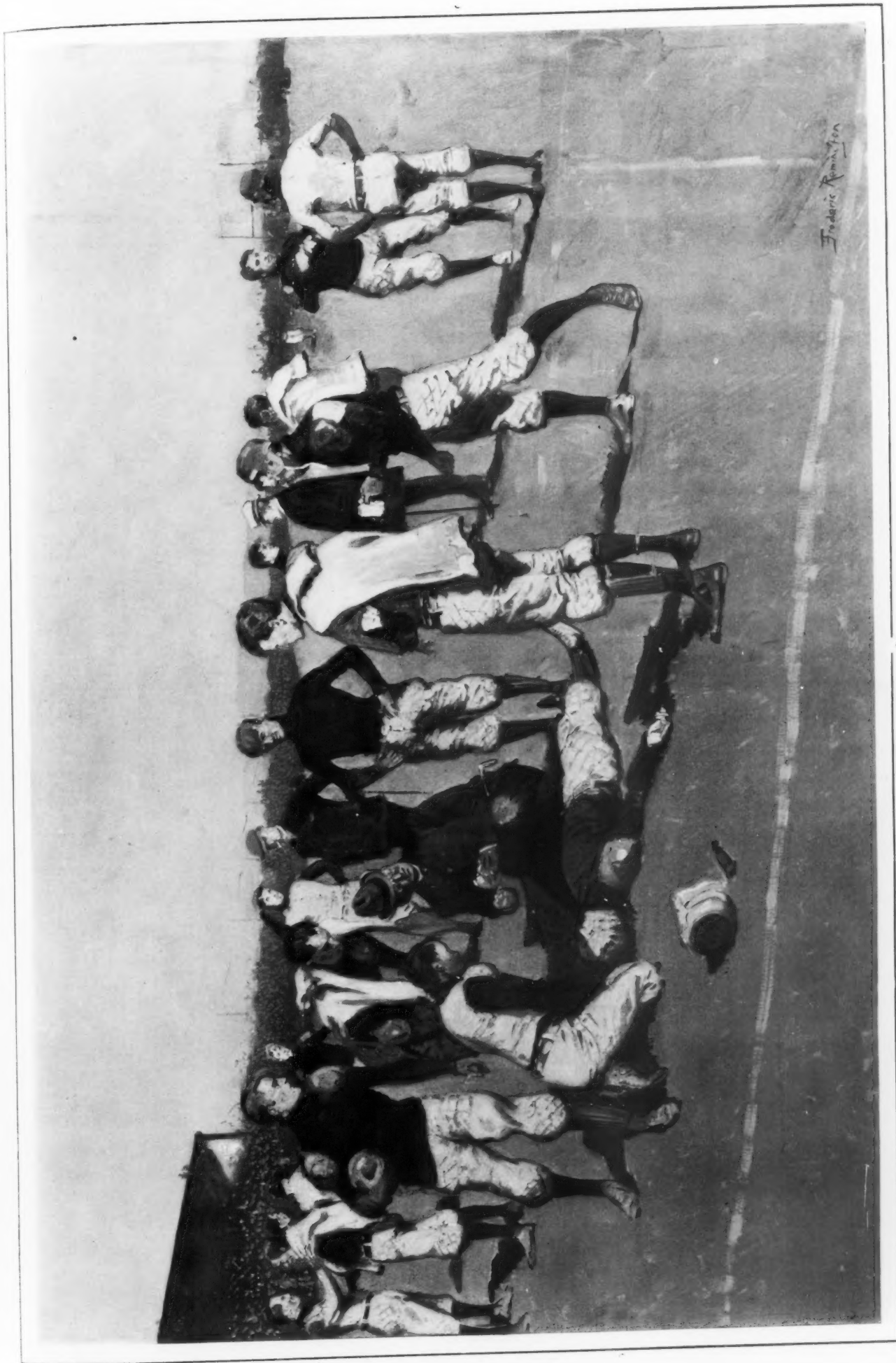
When they reached the train there were special cars for the team, and substitutes, coaches and rubbers. Jack really didn't know anybody but Harrison very well, and as the men dropped into chairs, grouping as their friendships dictated, he wondered if he was not sticking too close to Harrison, who might want to join some one else. So he said, "I'll sit down here, I think," moving toward a vacant chair.

"No, come along over here. I want you to read what the 'Weekly' has to say of the likelihood of your playing, and what you'll do." You haven't seen it, have you," Jack had not seen it, as it was only out that day; but he was ready enough to hear it. "Now, don't get so red in the face about it, or every one will be 'on to us,'" said Harrison. "Here it is. 'The loss sustained by Yale in the Indian game is a serious one, but not entirely irreparable. Campbell at half is an improvement over Root, especially if he can keep up the pace he set in the match with the Indians. The new man, Bracelin, who has gone in as full-back, is an unknown quantity. He has fair punting ability, and gets in his kick quickly. He does not get into the swing of the interference, and nothing is known of his own running in a game. It is said by those who know that he is steady, and will perform in a game fully as well, and rather better than in practice. On the whole, putting him in is regarded as a risky and venturesome move by Captain Salisbury in order to secure Campbell as a running half instead of Root, who has failed to distinguish himself.' There now, freshman, that's not such a bad send-off after all." Then Campbell joined them, and they talked plays for a while, and discussed the strong and weak points of the Harvard line, until Harrison said, "There, I've had enough of football talk. I'm going to get up a game of whist," and he walked off down the car.

Immediately on arrival they took 'buses to the hotel, and then they had supper. They strolled about the corridors until ten o'clock and then turned in, Jack having a room next to his friend and sponsor, the quarter-back. "Signal practice in Room 44 to-morrow morning at ten," was the last order given that night. Jack dreamed of great deeds that night. He had grown too heavy to play anywhere except center, and they put him there; he couldn't get the ball past his own huge legs and feet on its way to the quarter, and so, every time he tried to snap it, it would bound back from his own legs in front of him, and the opposing center would grin at him. Such nightmares afflicted him all night long, until just before dawn he fell into a sound, dreamless sleep, that was only ended by the sound of what he fancied for a moment was some one taking a shower bath in the next room. As he opened his eyes and gradually realized where he was, however, he also saw that what had awakened him was the noise of a furious gale of wind with rain and sleet driving against the window.

What a day! He sprang out of bed and looked out into the storm. It was certainly not the kind of a day to appeal to the backs on any football team, and to a poor new man like Jack it looked blue enough. He knew just how slimy the ball would get, and how hard it would be to handle and kick, and his spirits fell until he consoled himself with the thought that Harvard would have some trouble too. He looked at his watch. It was half-past seven. Then he slipped out of his pajamas, and, spreading a towel on the floor, seized his sponge, and gave himself a deluge of the water from his bowl. A quick rub and he began to think it was not so bad after all. He remembered that he had never had very bad luck in rainy days, and that





DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON



HARDLY HAD THE DOCTOR LOOSENED LEE'S JACKET THAN HE TRIED TO STAND UP

(Illustration for Story "Jack Bracedin of Yale.")

Harrison was a very careful and accurate passer, and would give him every chance to save fumbles. In half an hour he was down at the long table set especially for the team at the end of the big dining-room. As he took his seat, Harrison, who had just beaten him down, said, "Good day for green backs, isn't it?" Then Campbell, "I don't envy you your job to-day, Bracelin." Then Heathcote, the huge center, spoke up, "I don't see why you fellows are always growling about how hard it is for the backs on a rainy day. It's twice as hard on the linemen. How's a fellow going to get a brace to shove his man back when the ground is nothing but mud, and his shoes are balled up so that he feels as if he were standing on two hummocks?" "That's right, Heath," said Taylor, the left guard, "those fellows back of the line don't have to push anybody around—they just have a snap." "Hear, hear!" said Lee, an end, "anybody would think you had all the line work to do; you big hulks in the middle have the easiest time in the world. How's a man, going down under a kick, going to slow up to get his man when he slides around as though he had on skates?" So it went on, everybody seeming to think his own position was the hardest one of all on a rainy day, but somehow they did not seem, thought Jack, to mind it very much after all.

After breakfast they saw many of the old players of former teams and excited graduates who asked after the conditions of the members, what the chances were, and Jack saw many an eye turned upon him as they learned that Campbell was really going to play half and that full-back was to be trusted to a substitute, Bracelin, whom nobody had seen play—a freshman, too!

At the signal practice especial attention was paid to the plays most likely to work on a wet day. One of which was a series of three plays, in the last of which Jack had the star part. The entire series consisted of, first a run by the right tackle around between left tackle and end, followed at once as a second play by a plunge of left half through the same opening, and while they were getting up after this, Jack was to drop a little further back than usual. The pass was to go to Campbell, who was to start to run directly toward that same tackle opening, but just as he reached it he was to turn and pass the ball to Jack, who was to try to go out around the end on that same side. The interference, with the exception of Jack, was to go with Campbell as usual, as if to push him through the line and thus insure the opponents missing there.

They had to go over this again and again, in order that the play might be timed just right, but at last it seemed to work to perfection and looked most confusing to one standing in the position of the opponents. Any one would have said the play, whatever it was, was certainly coming over tackle, and Jack's hanging back was not noticeable until he went shooting out from behind. "Luncheon at half-past eleven," called out Salisbury, at the end of the signal practice.

When they sat down to cold roast beef and a few other things, an hour later, Jack could hardly eat a mouthful and began to fear that he was about to make a fool of himself. But when he watched Salisbury, he saw that the captain was no more hungry than he, and of all the men Heathcote seemed to be the only one who was enjoying luncheon.

"I want every one dressed and in Room 44 at a quarter before one," said Salisbury, as he left the table. When Jack had arrayed himself, and reached the room, he found that he was almost the first one there. For only Captain Salisbury, Coach Harris and Thornton, half-back two years ago, were there. They were talking very earnestly together, and Jack was rather embarrassed at coming in. But Thornton got up quickly and, walking over to him, shook hands with him and said: "Bracelin, I've heard of you, though I haven't had a chance to see you play. I wish you the best of luck to-day, and I'm sure you'll have it." Then he fell to talking with Jack and asking him questions, until Jack hardly noticed how the room had filled up. Presently Salisbury stood up, and the talking stopped. "I have asked Mr. Harris to say something to you as to what we expect this afternoon," and with that Harris stood up, and, in his steady, impressive way, cautioned the men as to the points they had made the most of in coaching, and the necessity of exerting every energy to secure an advantage during the first five minutes of play. Then Salisbury asked Thornton to speak to them. As the light-haired half-back stepped up alongside of Salisbury, and, putting his hand on the captain's shoulder, said, "I played behind this man two years ago, and I never went forward but that I found an opening waiting for me, I never got through the line but I found him by my side, or behind me, helping me on for that last foot or two we tried for; and when Harvard and Princeton were backing our line, I knew that they couldn't get over, or under, or past the side of Salisbury. Now I hope you fellows will remember that to-day, and every one of you resolve, that not for one moment will you let up, that your line men will carry the backs anywhere, and that your backs will hit that line as though every down was the last down, and you had five yards to make!" Then he sat down, and Salisbury, looking around on his team, said: "I have confidence in every man here, and I know that if each man plays his game we can win. The only thing I have to say is, Don't fumble! Whatever you do, squeeze that ball!"

They then went out and got into the tully-ho that was waiting to take them out to Soldiers' Field. The rain was still pelted down, and the instructions came from Captain Salisbury that all the players should ride inside. It seemed a long ride to Jack, as they rolled on over the long bridge, and he was very ready to jump out and stretch his legs by the time they reached the building where the dressing-rooms were.

During the wait before they went out on to the field Jack noticed how quiet and serious every one looked. Salisbury and Harris each gave them a few final words

of advice, and then they started briskly over to the field. The huge stands towered up above them as they walked behind them to the entrance for the players. The rain beat down upon them, but Jack had forgotten that. As they jumped over the little fence and ran out on to the field there was a roar, and then a sharp "Brek-ke-ke-kay" harrowing out along the sections occupied by the Yale supporters. Jack looked over and saw a sea of umbrellas being madly waved up and down, and then Harrison tossed him a ball to punt. It was a new ball, and seemed doubly new in that field of mud and rain. Jack drove it down the field, and at the contact of his foot with the leather began to feel less of a lump in his throat. Presently there came such a clamor of cheering from the main section as completely dwarfed the previous Yale cheer, and whole tiers of men surged to their feet and yelled as the Harvard team came running out. In another moment they, too, were dropping on the ball, kicking and catching punts, and passing.

While this was going on, Salisbury and Captain Maurice of Harvard tossed for choice, and Maurice won. Presently the wind, which was still stormy, was blowing across the field, so that there was not so much of an advantage of one goal over another as there might have been.

The choice of the goal by Harvard gave Yale the kick-off, and Jack was glad that it was Campbell's duty and not his to drive that ball down the field. Somehow he felt that he should be all right as soon as he had had one chance to put his arms around some man's legs, or to go up into that line of red-jerseyed men, to feel in actual touch of battle, but until then he was a very shaky individual. While this was passing quickly through his mind the referee blew his whistle, and Campbell took two or three quick steps and the ball shot into the air above the heads of the Harvard men, and the contest was on.

Durrant, that man of whose brilliant running he had heard so much, and even to-day all secretly feared, was coming forward to catch the ball, and in another instant he had caught it and was off like a flash to the right side of the field. An interference had quickly formed about him, as he ran to the right, and this mass of men bowed over the right tackle, and almost before Jack knew it, he saw the compact little group bearing down upon him. As he came running up to meet it, suddenly old Heathcote came shooting across and his huge bulk lunged desperately into the side of the interference, and Jack saw Durrant springing out toward him. It was all done in a second, but that clear view of the man with the ball had been enough, and Jack dove at him and felt his arms close tightly about two padded legs of the crimson runner, and both rolled over into the mud. "Well done, freshman!" he heard a voice from the side lines call out, and recognized Harris's tones. For the next fifteen minutes the struggle alternated from Yale's twenty-five-yard line back to the middle of the field, but it seemed impossible for Yale to get the ball out of their own territory for any length of time. Jack found, however, in the exchange of punts, that he could quite hold his own with the Harvard full-back. Besides, he was taking extra care on account of the wet and slippery footing, and he knew that he might kick further if he dared put in his full power. Long runs seemed out of the question, and each side had to be content with short gains. Once or twice Harvard had tried an end run, but the field was too slippery and they had lost distance rather than gained by the attempt. It was tedious work, and it was trying to Jack's nerves, for he had to do the catching of punts too near his own goal to be pleasant. Each time as Harvard was held for the third down—and he knew by the dropping back of the kicker that the ball was coming—he said to himself, "Squeeze it," in the language of the coach. Once more, "Third down, three yards to gain!" called out the referee, and Jack dropped back that time on his ten-yard line. The ball shot up into the air, but it was going off toward his right, and Jack had to run for it. He felt how insecure was his footing, even as he ran, for the ground in that corner was very soggy. Just then the wind began to make the ball veer in toward him, and he tried to slow up, but with little success, so that instead of getting the ball where he had expected he had to reach up over his head for it. It struck his hands and went through them like a leaden ball, and, as he tried to turn to retrieve the muff, he slipped, and the next instant the Harvard men went sliding over him, and he knew that it was all up with his chance of getting the ball, and that it meant a touchdown for Harvard. Sure enough, by the time he could scramble to his feet, Crocker, the Harvard end, was over the line with the ball!

How the Harvard men all went up to him and literally hugged him; for to score first and on a fumble was so unexpected that it set the Harvard supporters nearly frantic with delight. Jack felt it all in a moment—that he had probably lost the game. In a dazed way he watched Harvard kick the goal.

The Yale team didn't look very pleasant as they came down the field to take the kick-off. They were not accustomed to having a kick-off save at the beginning of a half, and they felt it. Jack's jaw hung down from sheer grief, until Harrison said, "Never mind; that isn't all the game by a long shot! We've only been playing twenty minutes. You'll get a chance to make up for that!" Even as he had predicted, in five minutes Yale was pounding along with runs of four and five yards at a time down into the Harvard goal. Everybody seemed to have taken a resolve not to stop until they got over the line; and sure enough, Campbell was finally shoved over for a touchdown. Salisbury missed the goal, for it was hard kick, and the score stood 6 to 5.

Before Yale could score again, time was called for the end of the first half. How the tongues of the audience buzzed at the intermission! Six to five! But the Yale substitutes didn't talk, and the coaches gave the team some very serious words. Jack was simply heart-

broken, until Thornton came over to him and said, "You're putting up a good game, Bracelin; just keep it up and you're all right."

When the second half began, Harvard kicking off, it soon became evident that the lectures they had received had been of some value, for doggedly they settled down to work, and that steady advance that Yale had made at the end of the first half could now be repeated. It was desperate work, for the Harvard line was heavy and strong, and the men were fighting to hold their advantage. "You must get over again," Jack heard Harris, the head coach, say to Captain Salisbury, at a moment when time was called on that side of the field. Campbell, who was simply outplaying himself, said to Jack, "We'll do it all right." He never failed to gain, and the way he helped and dragged Jack and his half along had brought out the applause several times. The steady work began to tell upon the Harvard team, and Yale kept creeping nearer the goal, and had it at the fifteen-yard line when the accurate Harrison somehow lost it on a fumble, and Harvard had the ball!

It is always the unexpected that happens, and misfortunes seldom come singly. Handsome Dan, a huge bulldog, known as mascot of the team, was being carelessly led by the side line off Campbell's side. His master had hold of the end of the chain, but was intent upon the play and not on the dog. Yale, desperate at being balked of a touchdown, were straining every nerve to block the kick, and people were holding their breath with excitement. The ball went back, and as the Harvard kicker struck it, Salisbury, who had broken through, leaped up in the air, and partially stopped it. Campbell and the end both started for it. The kick was at such an angle that the ball went out of bounds just where the dog was standing. Harvard's end and one half had a good start as Campbell and Lee both sped after it. The ball was high, and stayed in the air, so that both the Yale men got under it at almost the same time, with the Harvard end only a few feet away. At that instant it looked as though a scythe was swept across the legs of both of Yale's players, though it was really the dog and his chain that threw them, and they went head first into the little board fence surrounding the field, striking it with a fearful force, and both lying where they fell! There was a horrified groan from the crowd as the two men crashed into the fence, and all who could see sprang to their feet. The referee's whistle blew at once, and Salisbury and Harris, the head coach, rushed over to where Lee and Campbell were lying. Dr. Sanders reached them at almost the same moment. Hardly had the doctor loosened Lee's jacket than he commenced to try to stand up, and after a bit seemed all right, save a slight cut over his eye, where he had struck the fence. The physician, however, said he could not go on, and Lee realized it himself when he tried to stand up. But Campbell was longer in coming to, and the referee said to Captain Salisbury, "I'm awfully sorry, Captain Salisbury, but the two minutes are up, and I shall have to ask you to put in some substitute and play." So Captain Salisbury had to leave Campbell with the doctor, and call in Root and a substitute end. "How much more time is there to play?" hoarsely asked Salisbury of the referee. "You have about sixteen minutes left," was the reply. How could they possibly score now in that short time, and without Campbell! Jack felt his own heart somehow down in his boots, and he knew from the look of Harris, who was running off the field after a word to Salisbury, that the coach did not have much hope.

When the two Yale men had fallen, Harvard had secured the ball, and as soon as play was resumed, they began to work it down toward Yale's goal. In spite of Yale's effort, they gained yard after yard. The referee had notified the two captains that there was but three minutes longer to play, when, on the next down, Harvard fumbled the ball and Yale got it. Instantly Harrison gave the signal for the series of three plays they had gone over so many times in practice, but had not thus far used. Jack knew that his turn was coming, and something made him feel that he must succeed. The first two plays had gained but three yards, and as they lined up for the third down, Jack dropped a little back. The ball was snapped, the half took it, and, going straight at tackle, the interference banking well up on the side, turned just as he struck the line, and sent the ball back with a beautiful straight line pass directly into Jack's outstretched arms as he started out for the end. The Harvard end had drawn in, the tackle and half men in the midst of the melee, as tackle, and Jack had skirted the end before Crocker, who had realized his blunder, could reach him, but he was close behind him; so too was the Harvard quarter.

On they sped, down the field, Jack some five yards ahead. The Harvard full-back came speeding over to intercept him; Jack made as if he meant to go still closer to the side line, and then, just before the full-back reached him, he turned in toward the middle of the field. He had thought in the instant of all the chances of the slippery field, and that the turn he would make in doing this would be considerably less than the one the back must make to turn and head him off. It came just as he had hoped, for the back lost his footing as he tried to stop and twist back, and Jack was free and going straight for the goal. He could hear and almost feel the quarter gaining upon him, however, and he had nearly forty yards yet to go. Then, just as he could almost feel the quarter spring upon him, he heard a crash as of two men meeting, and then no one followed; for Harrison, coming on behind, had made a long leap against the pursuer's legs and tumbled him in a heap. In another moment Jack was lying behind Harvard's line, and with a touchdown and victory! The goal was missed, but nobody cared, for 10 to 6 was enough, and "Freshman" Bracelin had redeemed himself and saved Yale from defeat.

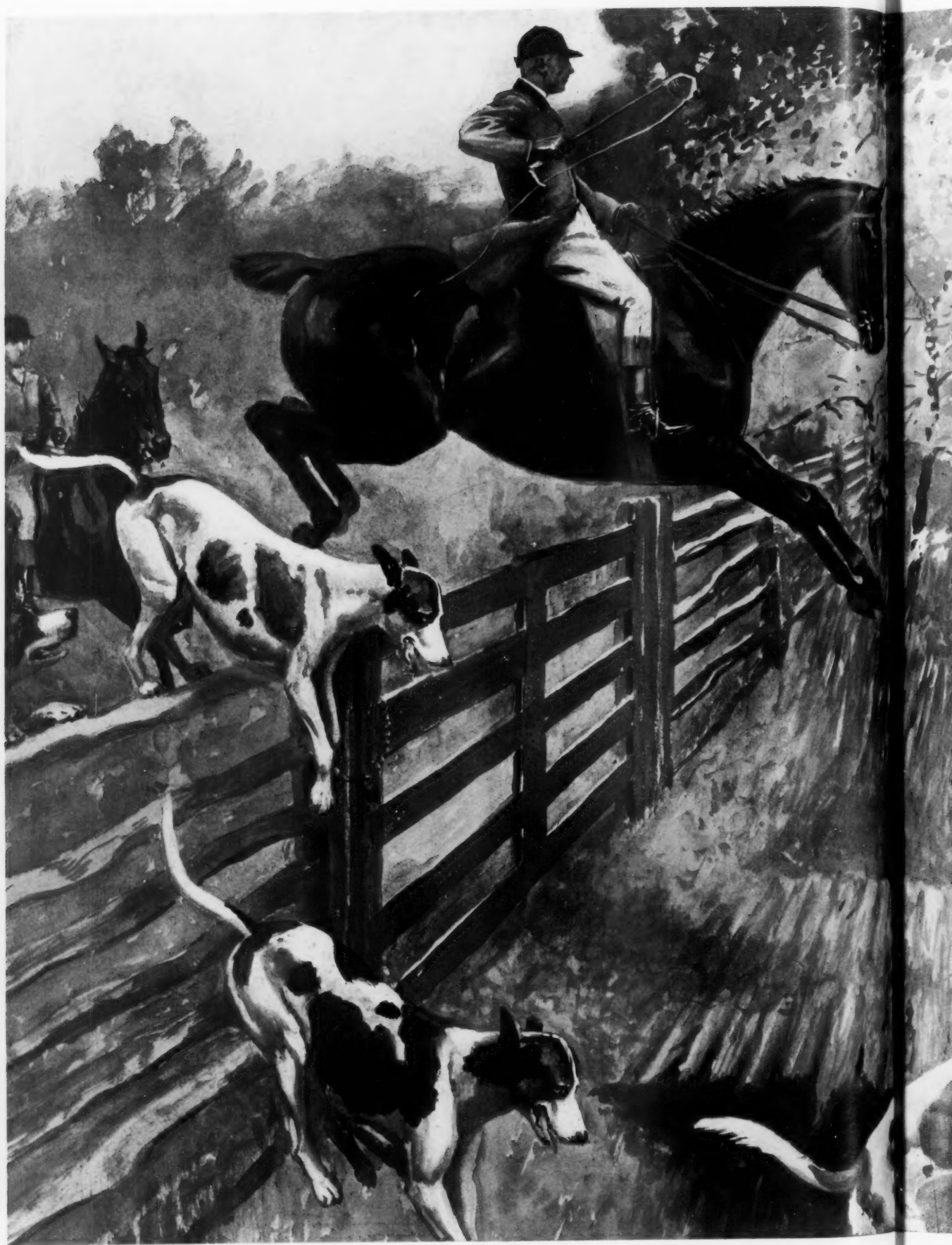


DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL

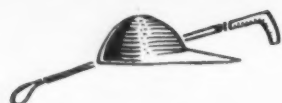


"TURKEY GOBBLERS"

THE NEWSBOYS' THANKSGIVING DINNER, GIVEN BY THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY AT BRACE MEMORIAL HALL, NEW YORK

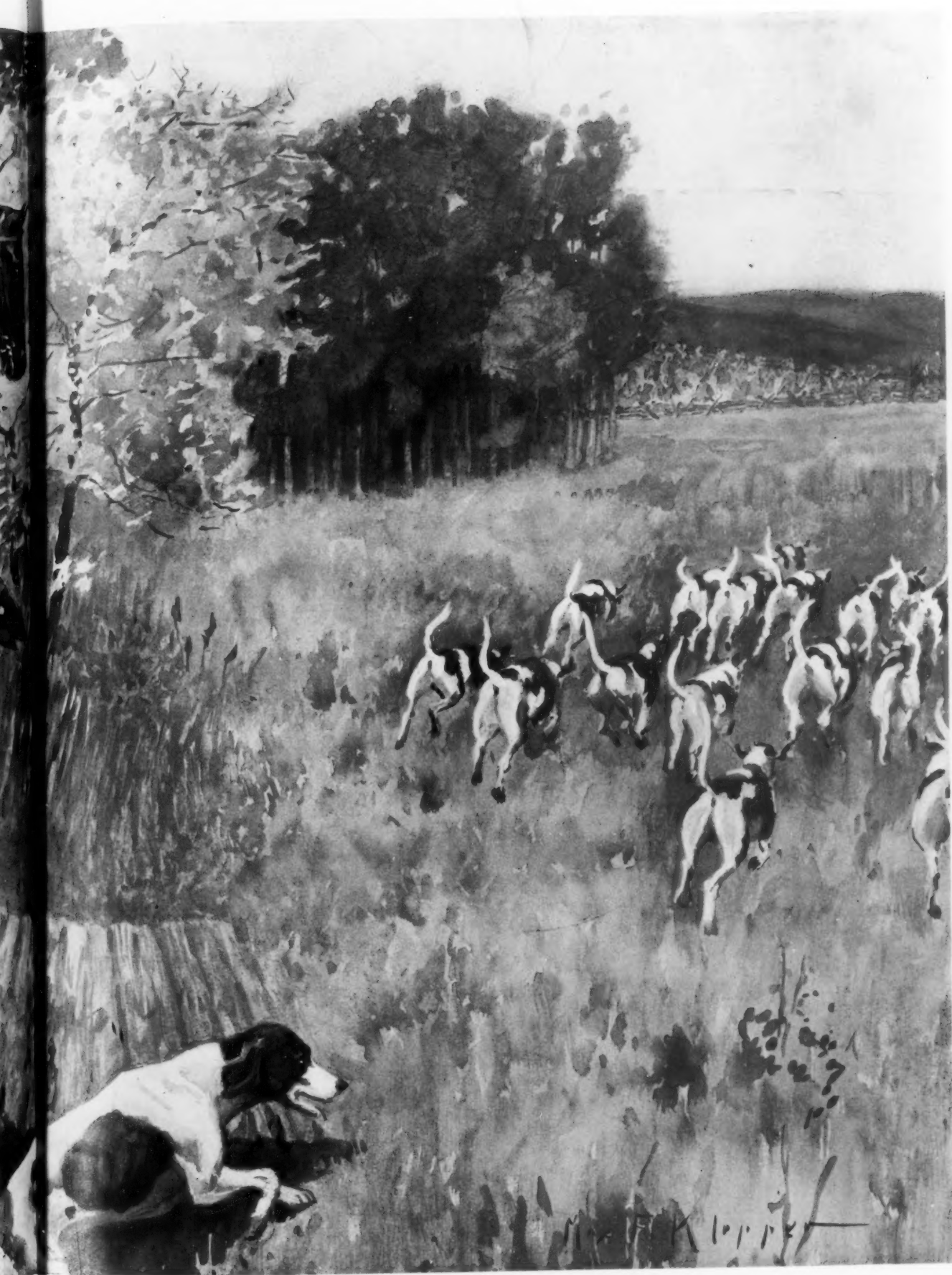


DRAWN BY MAX KLEPPER



"WARE

A STAG HUNTING INCIDENT



WARE BRIDGE!"

G INCIDENT IN MONMOUTH COUNTY, NEW JERSEY

THE HORSE TRADE

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

Illustrated by Pupils of Howard Pyle

"A CH! just look at her eye—just look at her eye, Heifert Papea—what an eye!"

"Nay, then, look at her teeth, Master Schneider, an' thou wantest somewhat to look at."

"Old, Heifert?—old!" He laughed derisively. "Well, then, how old? She's as brisk as a yearling! Her eye



tells thee 'tat. She's not above six. Nay, I'll swear to that. Oh, I challenge thee to look at her eye!"

"And the off foreleg? Dost challenge me there also?"

"Why, then, laugh, Heifert Papea, an' it please thee to do so. Yet it is a libel—a libel on as fair a beast as ever stepped. There never yet was one bone of her spine or spavin—else I know not what they be. But, to any reasonable man, that eye is marvelous."

Now, Johannes Schneider was the shrewdest German in all Lancaster County, and Heifert Papea the jolliest in all German Township. And they, or, rather, the former, were trying to effect a horse trade—Johannes' very evidently spavined mare for Heifert's glossy black stallion. And it was at the coffee-house of the Willow Kreider, name The Golden Swan, at Philadelphia, in the year 1740.

Here Schneider had come for business and Papea for entertainment; and without an idea of sacrificing his handsome stallion he was yet bandying words in a way not without its peril where so capable a man at a horse trade as Schneider was concerned.



As they stood violently bartering a girl of perhaps fourteen years came out of the coffee-house and stood, unperceived by them, at the door. She was dressed in coarse linsey-woolsey, her hair hung in two plaits at the back of her ears, her shoes were of cowhide, and had wooden soles and copper buckles. She stood

listening a moment and fidgeting uneasily with her apron; and then, upon the heels of Schneider's most violent declaration, broke out with:

"Nay, nay, master, she is spavined. The horse-doctor said so."

They were both taken by surprise.

"Aha, ha ha! Oh!—aha, ha ha!" roared Papea. "Oh!—Now, by the luck of the Schneiders, this is most unfortunate. And by the same it is an honest little wench—ay, and a comely. If, my countryman, thou hast such an one to throw into the bargain to give it some weight—why, I am in bonds to find Frau Papea a daughter, and I know not but this tow-headed wench might serve. Come here, my little one; it is worthy to be in the company of one who shames the devil thus by telling the truth."

She came to him, and he put his stubby forefinger under her chin and turned her face upward; it glowed with such a confident smile.

But Schneider had got over his astonishment, and now came forward with a wrathful face and uplifted hand.

"Go! go! thou unseemly little busybody! else I'll—"

The little girl covered behind Papea.

"What! For shame! Eater of sauerkraut! aha, ha ha! Now what is this world coming to when Truth must hide behind a fat Dutchman!"

Schneider still advanced, and Papea's waggery changed to rage.

"Nay, then, an thou striketh her I'll strike thee—aye, thee, Master Schneider!"

The valiant little Dutchman threw out his chest, advanced one foot, and put up his fists, then broke down and laughed till he was bent double.

"A bow-legged Dutchman like me! Aha, ha ha! Oh, Master Schneider, thou wast afeared! Oh!—Oh!"

He brought himself to decorum with a stamp of his foot, pulled his long waistcoat into place, and, turning to the other, indicated the cessation of hostilities with an amicable—

"Well?"

The horse-dealer's wrath had meanwhile changed to his more natural cunning; he had brought the girl as well as the mare to town to sell, and—Heifert Papea was a very jolly Dutchman indeed; but not a wise one. So he managed to laugh with Papea, and to say, as he facetiously prodded his ribs:

"Ah! thou'rt a rare one, Heifert! Quarrel about a meddling little wench—two of the best men in Pennsylvania! Nay, nay! But now I'll prove thee. If—say if the wench could be bartered, what wouldst give for her? Eh?"

Papea stared.

"Ay, if not everybody loves the truth as thou dost, Papea. An I would part with her what wouldst thou give?"

"This is poor foolery, Master Schneider. It ill becomes thee to make such unseemly sport of thy child."

Schneider laughed.

"Looks she like me, Papea?"

It was Papea's turn to laugh now.

"No; not ever shall!"

Schneider came closer and put his hand to his mouth.

"Nay, then, be a fool an thou wilt; but I have her indenture here." He tapped the breast of his coat.

Papea turned to the little girl almost savagely.

"Is this true, wench, that he hath bought thee?—and now would sell thee again?"

"I—know not," she faltered, "I know not."

"Know not—know not whether thou art his lawful child or his slave—bond-servant?" cried Papea fiercely.

"No, master; but I think I be not his true child; for he is cruel with me."

This only made the horse-dealer, who had now the point of vantage, smile more broadly.

"So, so," muttered the other; "she is a redemptioner! It were an infinite pity to let her go back with the brute—to beatings and lyings. I vow she's as tender as comely—he little baggage! How long hath she yet to serve, Master Schneider?" he asked suddenly.

Schneider came close and whispered cunningly: "As long as thou wilt. She knows not and hath not cared to know."

"How? There's crime here! Thou knowest the law well, Johannes Schneider."

"Calm thyself, my friend; she hath yet above five years to serve to her twenty. But when shall the term begin? that is the rub; and thereupon the law saith nothing. I took her as a suckling babe; none else would have her, and the mother and father were dead. Shall a man have no hire for the bringing up of a puling infant?"

"Nay; not for such as she hath had of thee."

"Well, as for that, Master Papea," said the horse-trader, grimly, "she got the best I had. Thou seest she will not lie. This is not the first trade of horses she hath spoiled—if she shall—by telling the truth incontinently. 'Tis true enough, Heifert Papea, that I like it not exactly. One cannot trade in horses if one is not content to—wink at the truth upon proper occasion. Is it not so, thou cunning tanner?"

"No!" thundered Papea.

"Well, mayhap not for a matter o' hules," Schneider shrugged his shoulders contemptuously; then, fearing its effect upon their bartering, he added: "Not but it's a good thing sometimes; but it hath its place, Heifert Papea, it hath its place."

"Ay, and plainly it hath no place in a horse dealer." To himself he said again, "It were the unpardonable sin to let her go back with this beast. Take, Schnei-

der, the stallion for the spavined mare and the wench." He sighed as he said it.

"And how much more?"

"Ach! Nothing more. There's a flat answer for thee."

"Then I wish thee a safe journey home, Heifert Papea, and a good morrow," and the wily horse-trader turned calmly aside.



"Stay—say twelve pounds besides?"

"I have known them to sell at this very tavern by the lot for fifty—girls like her."

Schneider continued on his way, but turned and said:

"An thou'rt minded to speak earnestly I will wait; if not—"

"Go thy way, soul-driver," said Papea, with a wave of his hand, about to turn his back on him. But he caught the beseeching look of the little girl and paused.

"Stop! I'll give thee fifty."

But Schneider had also seen that look.

"An thou'lt have her thou must be able to say one hundred pounds, my master."

Heifert was about to make an angry retort; but again the distressed face of the little slave met his gaze.

"I'm a fool, but thou shalt have it. Ha, ha, ha! An hundred pounds for—Faith, I'll turn the spavined mare into hide to-morrow if she but carry us home. Eh, wench?"

"Ah, Master Papea, it is I that am the fool," said the horse-trader with a hypocritical sigh.

But, to raise a hundred pounds among his friends in Philadelphia and to perfect the transfer of the indent-



ure of the girl were matters requiring time on the part of a fat Dutchman; so that it was late in the afternoon when they finally took leave of the Dutchman from Lancaster County. He, as a crowning evidence of his good-nature, promised to send by the first



DRAWN BY ANNA WÆLAN BETTS

THE HORSE TRADE

THE HORSE DEALER HAD BROUGHT THE GIRL AS WELL AS THE MARE TO TOWN TO SELL

wagoner that left the Conostoga Katerina's chest—without a penny of expense to her.

"Thou canst well afford it," said Papen significantly. So, Heifert and Katerina started off to Germantown on the spavined mare, Katerina riding behind with her arms as far around the front rider as she could get them.

They jogged along silently a while, then a wee, fearful voice reached Papen from behind:

"Master, will it please thee if I talk?—just a word—or two?"

"Ay, ween, an thou hast a voice use it when thou wilt; thou art no longer a slave."

"Ah!" she said, with a sigh of ecstasy, "I but wanted to say that I will serve thee forever!"

"Of course thou wilt, and we will be the best friends in this world," and her new master laughed, and, taking her small hands, drew them tightly around him.

The spavined mare was not fleet of foot; so when they arrived at Germantown it was quite dark, and Frau Papen was on the high-gabbed stoop looking anxiously southward. She was much surprised at the sudden looming out of the darkness of the spavined mare with its double burden, and asked tremulously what had happened.

"Ala, liebes fraule, these be the times when one may buy one's whole family. See, I have brought thee a daughter, and this crow-roost of a mare, and left behind an hundred pounds and the finest stallion in German Township, to the worst Dutchman in Pennsylvania, as I'm a Dutchman myself; and all because the little ween turned her blue eyes on me, and I remembered thy little one at the bottom of the sea and my promise to replace her."

Though the jolly Dutchman was bantering, his voice was glad and tender.

"Is this all true?" asked Frau Papen, as she fondly received the girl.

"Yes, yes, yes! He was so hard with me; and he looked so kind!" said Katerina as she clung to Frau Papen's neck and sobbed.

"And you know not whose she is?" the wife whispered anxiously to the husband.

"No; I'm a villain if I do. I asked him not."

"But art sure she is not *his* child?"

"Sure as that I breathe!"

They spoke in whispers then, and he told her of the horse trade.

"Oh, my husband! I feel that this is the best bargain thou hast ever made, nevertheless."

The thin arms of the girl went closer about her neck and her lips were pressed silently to Frau Papen's cheek in the dark.

"And she is mine?" asked the wife.

"Ay, she is thine."

"Then, from this moment she is free: from this moment I take her for my own."

"So be it: though how thou canst make her free and also take her for thine own—*aha, ha ha!*"

A faint, smothered cry came from the girl, and then her arms went closer and closer, and her breast heaved faster and faster, until she sobbed aloud.

Papen stole away, with his big red handkerchief to his nose. Presently the mother took Katerina up to a little chamber over the porch.

"Come," she said merrily, "let us see if we can find thee a nightgown; ay, here is one that I wore once. And to-morrow we will find, from the same stock, I doubt not, a pretty gown, and a brooch, and a ribbon for thy hair; and"—as she took off the hard wooden shoe—"a pair of shoes more soft and kindly for thy feet."

Then they knelt down and prayed—the only prayer the little girl knew:

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name—"

And when it was done and they turned again face to face, Katerina suddenly reached up and kissed the face above her. Then she drew back in alarm at her boldness.

"Nay, an thou shalt kiss me whenever thou wilt. See, I kiss thee back."

"Oh! I never saw one so good," cried the girl.

"Thou art a cunning little flatterer," said Frau Papen. "And now good-night, my pretty one," and she tucked the white covers snugly under the trembling chin.

"Good—good-night. Ah, what must I call thee? I do not like to call thee mistress."

"What dost thou wish to call me, then?"

"Mother!" burst from her.

"And so thou shalt; and I will be truly a mother to thee. So, one more kiss, and God keep thee and give thee sweet dreams."

It does not always happen that promises made under strong emotion are strongly kept. But Frau Papen kept hers in a way that even she had not dreamed of.

"Mother," said Katerina one day, "thou art very beautiful. Dost thou not think so?"

"Flatterer! No!"

"Ah, but come and look in the glass."

She led her to the quaint little mirror.

"Now confess that thou hast eyes blue as the sky, and a mouth red as the roses, and hair white as snow. Shall I ever be so beautiful?"



"Ay, and a hundred times more so. Was't that thou wert after?—compliments?"

They laughed and drew together.

"To-day thou shalt tell me something; promise, mother."

"I promise, then, torment."

"There is a sadness about thy mouth to-day, and often thine eyes are red with weeping; what is it, mother?"

"Am I so? Why, then I must mend my ways so that my face shall tell the truth. Sure I grow gladder every day that thou art with me."

"Ah, then, 'tis about me you cry—and you may not tell?"

"Come, then, there shall be naught between us; for 'tis of thee. Thou art not, after all, my own; I live in fear that some day some one will take thee from me."

"No, no, no!" cried Katerina violently, "I would not go."

"Ah, how could we keep thee?"

"Thou dost not love me!"

"Thou hast all my love except that with the little babe beneath the sea. Listen: one day we took ship—husband, babe and me—from war-cursed Germany to this land where there was no war, no famine, no cruelty. The ship was crowded with the poor redemptioners, who, like us, were trying to get away from the horrors of war. These agreed to be sold into slavery upon their arrival here, for a term of years, to pay for their passage. Ship fever came among these ill-nourished ones, and four out of every five died and were cast into the sea. When we dropped anchor in the Delaware I was sick of the fever. When I recovered they told me that husband and babe were dead and



publisher of incongruous titles—a sudden change sets in. It happens on page 205. From being tumbled among capricious rapids, you are steered down a broad, smooth and swift stream, whose surface conceals a tearing current beneath. The style is now polished; the tale runs regularly, intelligibly; complicated passions are in obdurate strife; the intellect stirs. "At the Stroke of the Hour" and "Rab Vinch's Wife" are highly pathetic. "Widder Flint" is a tragedy willed by nature. "Dave" is a man who gets the better of nature. His struggle is Titanic, his victory splendid. "Dave" has some of the stuff of greatness in it.

Miss Wilkins's little book is weightier than Zack's larger volume, because she has marked out a set of types, as Fritz Reuter and Bret Harte have done, and as Zack has not done. Miss Wilkins has, so to say, gone to a place and stayed there, exploited the history, daily life, customs, character, appearance, conversation, and mental processes of the inhabitants. It is unnecessary to extol the work of this woman—

"Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar'; go no further." Timothy Sampson, cobbler, the omnipresent, benevo-

lent old busybody of Miss Wilkins's "New England Cranford," was more versatile than Figaro, for he was adept at doctoring, gardening, drawing up wills, putting up stoves, and writing sermons for the parson. Had this variety of avocations left him time for poetry, he might have rivaled Hans Sachs, who made boots for a living and poems for fun. His medical diagnoses were infallible. On one occasion he perceived that "twan't erysipelas, 'twas poison ivy," as a consequence of which he "put on plantain leaves and castor-oil, and cured her right up."—Phebe Ann Little was an offensively neat woman, afraid that she might die before morning and leave the cellar stairs unwept. At her behest, George Henry Little searched the ceiling for cobwebs at midnight.—Amanda Todd, whose ribbon, flowery "hum-nit" had been an ineffective instrument of capture when set at an eligible young schoolmaster, left off going to church, and took to cats. No human being would consent to live under her roof. One old woman preferred the almshouse. Before taking up her abode there, she one day opined: "I'd 'nough sight rather go on the town than live with all them cats."

"Alas! sweet mother, there is none. But is it not strange that I should have just such a chest?—heavy and black and brass-bound, was it? In it there are but some musty books out of which I've learned that I know."

From Master Schneider's promise to its fulfillment was more than two years.

Then, one day, a lumbering Conostoga wagon, with a body shaped like an ancient ship, drew up at the door and left the chest containing the musty books. The hireland was trying its weight as Frau Papen came to the door. She was gently crooning a song. The two years had made her very happy.

"Ah," she said, continuing her song between the words, "how familiar it looks! There were so many of them—and all alike! So wide, so high, so long; all piled on the foredeck."

With her pretty white hands she was going lovingly over the curious brasswork. At one end the hireland was still trying to lift it.

"Here's weight too much for me, mistress. Odd's life! One 'd scarce believe it."

He walked about the chest, eying it curiously and wagging his head.

"I've heard of false bottoms in which weapons forbid by the king were carried; these be heavy—ay, and money: good gold," he muttered.

Frau Papen went on with her song, hearing him but taking no account of his words. Now she laid hold of one of the brass handles.

"What, Peter! And you, Katerina! Take hold. Come, away with it to the garret!" she cried gayly; "so shall we banish the last vestige of bondage. No? Then to thy chamber over the porch?"

On the stairs Frau Papen had to rest.

"Well, Peter, 'tis true that 'tis heavy. What wast mumblyng?—Sweet, thou'rt pale!—and trembling?"

"He said there might be a—false bottom. And it *is* heavy. Is not gold heavy—very heavy?" faltered Katerina.

Frau Papen turned upon her almost fiercely.

"Turn thy face to light!" she cried.

Katerina did so.

"Thy father's face was of that shape—his eyes were of that blue—" Suddenly she pushed the girl off. "But the proof is here. The key—where is the key? Why is it not here?"

In an excitement strange both to her and Katerina she fell on her knees before the chest and began to tug at the lid. It was hopeless.

"The key!" she cried again, almost angrily.

Poor Katerina! It was right at hand—on a little faded ribbon at her neck. But it was difficult to get with such trembling fingers. But presently it passed into the hands of the lady on the floor, and after many mis-shots went smoothly into the lock. Before the lid was fairly open Frau Papen was inside it with head and hands.

"Mine—mine—mine!" she cried, as she tumbled out upon the floor what Katerina had theretofore called her belongings, together with many things only too evidently not hers.

"My books," she went on, "my brooch, my combs, my—"

She had reached the bottom. She fumbled a moment at some secret fixture at the end, then pulled it out.

"My gold!" she exulted.

It was true. There they lay, packed in tight rolls all over the wide bottom.

But then her excitement vanished and the peaceful smile returned, more peaceful, more beautiful than it had ever been. The sadness was somehow gone from it and it was the expression of pure joy. Slowly she turned toward Katerina. Very fondly she looked at her for a moment as if to enjoy her before taking possession. Then she held out her arms. Katerina nestled within them. They forgot the gold and the precious contents of the chest altogether.

"Thou art mine!" said Frau Papen. Then, in a moment, "Dost thou understand, my little daughter?"

"I understand," sobbed Katerina.

"They sold thee—and the chest."



LITERATURE

LIFE IS LIFE, AND OTHER TALES. By ZACK.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PEOPLE OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD. By MARY E. WILKINS. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

FROM her travels and her sense of humor Zack has derived some phraseological tit-bits. "Corn-stalking son of a kangaroo" is one. Australia, Italy, Germany and England are the scenes of her "Tales and Episodes," all of which are vigorous and unconventional in diction and ideas, and the product of a strong, original mind. The style, in the first four stories, is sometimes rugged, sometimes ragged, always uneven—too "jump-up," to borrow from her vocabulary—and the events are likewise thrown together in a "jump-up" fashion. The emotional and the vernacular chiefly maintain the interest in this first group of tales. In "The Red-Haired Man's Dream"—Zack is a relentless

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LIONEL STRACHEY.



In Grandma's Time

BACK IN THE GOLDEN OLDEN DAYS
When very stiff brocade,
Stays, patches, powder, paint and hoops,
Bedight each blooming maid,

My grandma, upon a time,
A bright Thanksgiving day,
All in her best, with winsome zest,
Thanksgiving games did play.

'Twas "Roll the Plate"; 'twas "Blindman's Buff,"
'Twas merry "Hunt the Slipper,"
And if the sport was something rough,
The belles and beaux were chipper.
In each she played with Grandpapa,
A gay young sprig of fashion,
Yet his rich waistcoat hid a heart
Brimful of tender passion.

Of tender passion all unspoke
Until they heard the fiddle—
"Roger de Coverley" it played—
They started down the middle;
Right! Left! Bow! Swing!—and ever swing,
Then back to place with "setting,"
Perhaps their fingers did not cling,
Dame Gossip's eye forgetting.



'Twas as they clung, he found his tongue—
The fiddle still played cheerly—
While soft he said, "Sweet maid! Sweet maid!
You know I love you dearly."
* * * * *
Still—in a frame—she blooms, and smiles—
I think she still hears clearly,
When fiddles play, Thanksgiving Day,
"Sweet maid, I love you dearly."

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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THE SILVER KING

WHATEVER we may believe or disbelieve about silver as a medium of exchange there is no room for two opinions regarding the Silver King. I do not refer to any of the great silver-mining millionaires of the Pacific Slope, or even to the clever melodrama that held the boards for several months a few years ago. The Silver King who commands my allegiance ranges free in the wide Atlantic. He is clad in armor of proof from his tough frontal-bone to the very last of his dorsal vertebrae.

Even when he is artistically stuffed and mounted upon a varnished board for all the world to see, he is a thing of beauty, though his armor scales have lost their living luster and though there remains only a doubtful gleam, as of somewhat bedimmed silver.

Very many of our readers must have seen specimens of the "Silver King," or, as he is more popularly called, the "Tarpon." Almost every large dealer in fishing tackle has one displayed somewhere in his establishment, and no collection of American fishes is complete without *Megalops thrissoides* in a place of honor.

The tarpon is at home anywhere from the Rio Grande through and beyond the Straits of Florida and well up the Atlantic coast. Bold and enterprising individuals of the family have been known to range as far north as Long Island Sound and Buzzard's Bay, but these are "extra limital," as the ichthyologists have it, and fishing for tarpon will never be a recognized sport in these waters.

He is essentially a warm-water fish, and the warmer the water, within the bounds of reason, the happier and more voracious and gamier he is.

It is only a few years since the first tarpon taken with rod and reel went upon the record. So far as I have been able to learn, the lucky fisherman was Mr. S. H. Jones of Philadelphia, who killed a 170-pound tarpon with bass tackle at Indian River Inlet in the winter of 1880-81. Mr. W. N. Wood of New York, however, was the first to study the habits of the fish and devise the best sportsmanlike tackle for his capture.

It was not till about 1885 that the name and fame of the Silver King became so widespread that fishermen began to go South with deliberate designs upon his life, and, as a natural result, enterprising dealers began shortly thereafter to display short stout rods equipped with reels and lines supposed to be especially adapted to the views of this king of game fish.

What the tarpon really lives on is to this day somewhat in doubt. Post-mortem examinations suggest mullet—a fish found in great numbers in the tarpon's hunting-grounds—and the early investigators decided that this was, upon the whole, the likeliest bait.

Certainly there would seem to be some reason for this creed, since in a bay literally alive with tarpon one may sit, day after day for weeks at a time, with a half-mullet on his hook and not have so much as a nibble. Still, all, or nearly all, the tarpon caught have been taken with mullet bait; so until something better is discovered that seems to be the only resort.

Provided the aspiring tarpon-slayer is prepared to expend anywhere from twenty to fifty dollars or more, he may supply himself with an excellent outfit through any respectable dealer. It goes without saying that no really conscientious disciple of Isak Walton will be content to order his outfit offhand, leaving everything to the dealer, thereby

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7½ octaves.
Double lever, grand repeating action.
Grand scale, overstrung bass; three strings to each note in middle and treble registers.

The scale is the same as in grand pianos, with the largest size of sound board and strings of greatest length,

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Choice of superior Circassian walnut, rich figured mahogany, genuine quartered oak and ebonized.

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played the same note may be sounded again immediately without taking the finger from key.

Improvements.—Wing Pianos have the following improvements, viz: "Built up" wrest plank construction. "Dovetail" top and bottom frame case construction. Full metal plate, with metal depression bar and metal supports for key bed. Improved noiseless direct motion pedal action. Improved practice attachment. Full length duet music desk. Carved panels. Instrumental attachment.

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imitates perfectly the tones of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by a parlor orchestra.

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THE ELECTROPOISE

ITS VALUE AND USES

One of the effects of the Electropoise treatment is to stimulate the nerve centers to increased activity, thus building up the nervous system. This is proven by the letter given below from Rev. Mr. Bell, the well-known evangelist:

We have had an Electropoise in our family for almost two years. I can highly recommend it for all nervous troubles. I believe it a success.
Mummouth, Ill. REV. H. H. BELL.

Another equally important result is the building up in flesh and tissue, resulting in additional strength and vitality. The letter from Mr. Rockwell, a successful merchant, gives his experience; it follows:

I am doing considerable talking for the Electropoise, as it has put fifteen pounds of flesh on me since July. Yours truly,
Wellsville, N. Y. H. H. ROCKWELL.

Unless a person enjoys sound and restful sleep, there is some weakness, which in time is sure to be followed by a well-defined form of disease. Mr. Pritchard, editor of a prominent religious paper, gives his experience in the editorial below:

What I hold up before you the power of the Electropoise to put a person quickly and naturally to sleep, and keep him asleep until satisfied nature awakes refreshed. In my own family, in the respect alone, it has been an incalculable blessing. In this way the Electropoise is a preventive of sickness, and prevention is better than cure.
New York City. JOHN W. PRITCHARD, Editor Christian Nation.

Send your own and sick friends' addresses for the catalogue booklet, mailed free.

ELECTROPOISE COMPANY,
202 Fifth Avenue, New York.



sacrificing the exquisite satisfaction of making his own selections. Yet such is the spirit of the age that not a few of our gilded youth are prone to order their fishing tackle as they do their trousers—by the dozen—and leave all details to the tailor. Let such go their way; they will probably catch no tarpon.

The approved rod for this sport is seven to nine feet long, fitted with a large multiplying click-reel that will hold some two hundred yards of 15 to 21 thread linen line. Tastes differ regarding the hooks, but the best authorities favor something not far from 10-0 in size, forged and ringed. The Dublin bend Limerick is a favorite with some successful fishers.

The snell, the connecting link between the hook and the line, offered the most difficult problem. I should say rather that the tarpon jaws were so constructed that the snell must be built to order to circumvent them. These jaws, be it known, have overlapping side plates which are in effect quite efficient shears. They will cut anything not made of metal that has body enough to offer resistance. Naturally a chain was the first resort, but the minute Sir Tarpon closed upon a chain he knew it, and ejected it forthwith, bait and all; for his mouth is conveniently paved throughout with bone plates upon which no hook has the least hold.

At last the ingenious device was hit upon of using a snell made of several strands of rather soft-laid cotton line, dyed some dark color so as to be inconspicuous when wet. When the jaw-shears close upon this it spreads apart into separate strands and becomes too thin to cut. Sir Tarpon perceives nothing wrong, so the portion of mullet covering the hook continues its downward course, taking up the slack of the long snell as it goes (the snell should be twenty-four to twenty-eight inches long), and pursues his way rejoicing until a sudden wrench at an inward locality not provided with armor-plates tells him that he is hooked, and then the fun begins.

His first act is to throw himself bodily out of water, with his huge jaws wide open, and jerk his head violently from side to side. If the bait is not completely gorged he will often force it out. But if the hook secures a hold the effort is vain, and the struggle of skill against energy goes on.

Again and again, sometimes a score of times, the fish leaps from the water to shake himself free. Miles upon miles he swims, doubling upon his course, circling, sulking, until he often tires out his would-be captor, who is glad to hand the rod over to his boatman for a rest. Such a confession of weakness is, however, so humiliating to a true fisherman that if he has any "sand" in his composition he will fight it out to a victorious finish or an honorable defeat.

Such an experience is not easily forgotten, and the fastidious coquettishness of the tarpon in the matter of taking bait renders it nearly certain that to the average fisherman killing a tarpon will not become tedious through frequent repetitions. Far more likely is it that his patience will give out after a few days under a tropical sun upon a breathless sea, and he will never experience the thrill of the Silver King's break for liberty.

The tarpon season in Florida waters begins in March and improves throughout the summer, the best of it coming long after most visitors have fled northward to escape the heat with its attendant pests.

As a table fish the tarpon is not a great success, though with such sauces as a French chef knows how to prepare it is not altogether to be despised when nothing better can be had. As a staple article of food, however, it has its uses along the Florida beaches; for there the native fishermen spear the magnificent fellows, scrape off their silver scales with a hoe, cut their persons up in long strips and dry them in the sun for provision when other "hog and hominy" fail.

Such are some of the traits of this superb fish. Handsome as he is when mounted on the taxidermist's board, he is far more worthy of his royal name when flashing his silver broadsides in the Mexican Gulf, or in the broad bays and inlets of the Florida coastline.

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Our 52-page descriptive booklet (free on request) tells you what other people think of our device. It contains facsimile reproductions of letters from customers sending us duplicate orders—the strongest kind of endorsement—and the names of over 1500 well-known gentlemen who have in use one or more of our \$5.00 sets.

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

One fatal fumble, one flying hundred-yard dash, and another one of the Poe family had writ his name large in Princeton annals. With the game but fifteen minutes old and Yale charging down toward Princeton's goal, crowding Ayres' kicks and piling up Princeton's runs and interference, there came suddenly right out of the Yale mass a flying orange and black, and with the ball in his arms, wings in his feet and the vision of Yale's goal in his eyes! Behind him sprang out the Yale captain, desperate, seeing at a glance the wide-open field and no blue savior there. For a few steps the desire to overtake the man who was bearing away his hopes and the ball was greater than the material flesh and blood of one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and he gained a little. Then he could only keep the distance from widening, and finally the little Princeton runner began to haul away, and Yale hearts sank as the race became a procession, while Princeton men rushed down upon the field from the seats and hugged one another in delight.

Only a week ago in this column the late influx of coaches at New Haven was mentioned, and, at the same time, the impossibility of finishing up a team in such short order, the making of skillful ends and the handling of kicks. At the same time, however, I said that the Yale team, although uncertain in its kicking game, was made of good stuff and that was the stock that would prove valuable. All this the Princeton game bore out emphatically.

Princeton won the game through the superior handling of that department of the play known as the kicking game. In this respect her team was far more finished than Yale's. True, there was but one score and that came through Poe's securing the ball and running the length of the field with it. That, one might say, was not a kicking game, nor did the play result from a kick. But for all that, had Yale been up to the standard in the kicking branch, she might even then, through the strength of her running game, have tied the score. The parts that went to make up this superiority of Princeton's in the kicking department—and here I speak not of the first part of the game, when Ayres essayed the punting, but when Wheeler had that duty—were first the far greater regularity of the kick itself, both as regards height and distance as well as direction, and then the far better following up and securing the ground by the ends, and finally the more certain tackling of the recipient of the ball by the ends. And upon the receipt of Yale's punts the same superiority appeared. There was no hesitation or indecision. Wheeler came up squarely and confidently, taking the ball and even in one instance getting in a good return.

Yale's running game and her defense were the only things that saved her team from something of the fate of Pennsylvania last Saturday in demoralization before continued punting. But Yale would take back, by means of her runs, much of the ground she lost in the fumbles and poor following up. Upon more than one occasion her advance became so steady that it made up for some error and carried the ball well down into Princeton's territory.

Then, too, her defense was thoroughly reliable, and it was severely tested more than once. When a line has held its opponents up on the fifteen-yard line late in the game with an adverse score staring them in the face and on the very heels of that success is called upon by a blocked kick to immediately take up the defensive once more and fight off four downs again, it is as hard a test of the quality of that line and its defensive power as can possibly be made. The Yale line stood that test.

The quality of quarter-back play exhibited by Princeton was good, especially so in the second half. Here the handling of the ball was well performed in the close formations. On the Yale side de Saullies was affected by his lame ankle and consequent lack of practice, but Ely got the ball off quickly and accurately. I should not say, however, that the showing of any of the quarters in the Princeton-Yale game was quite up to that of Daly of Harvard in the Harvard-Pennsylvania match. In choice of plays it did not always seem as though either team was using the most effective ones.

As to the condition of the two teams perhaps a fair measure of that was given at the very end of the second half, when, as noted above, Princeton had the ball on a first down almost upon Yale's goal-line and with the game won. Here the two teams locked for a final struggle and Yale held. It was at a moment when poor physical condition, added to the discouragement of defeat, would certainly have been made manifest in the Yale team had it been present. But there was no yielding, and the team piled Princeton up for four downs, and then a few minutes after, when the whistle blew, they walked off the field reluctantly, big Brown standing up as stoutly as at the start. Corwin was decidedly hit, as his running demonstrated. But de Saullies, with his bad ankle, was a serious loss to Yale; for this little chap, as he was last year, had no equal in receiving and running back of kicks. In fact, it is not improbable that the memory of this quality of his has been the means of stimulating to the highest point the practice of the Princeton ends in getting down the field.

Never has there been a football season when, in important games, a touchdown has been so difficult of attainment by the ordinary plunging gains of a few yards at a time as in this one of 1898. But never, on the other hand, has there been a year when the unexpected and the spectacular has played such a part!

Outland ran seventy-five yards to a touchdown in the Pennsylvania-Chicago game; Donald took the only touchdown of the Pennsylvania-Harvard game by running down the field on a kick-off; and Poe ran a hundred yards for the solitary score of the Princeton-Yale match!

What, in the name of prediction, can one expect now in the Harvard-Yale and Pennsylvania-Cornell games? Our appetites for the sensational have been so fed that nothing short of a miracle can make us exclaim "Wonderful!" again.

Last year in the Yale-Harvard and Yale-Princeton games there were fumbles made, there were kicks blocked, there were mistaken signals; but where were the penalties for such blunders? Fortune smiled benignly upon the frightened offender, and placed the ball once more in his hands, with a "Never mind; try again!" This year in the two big games thus far played a fumble by a half-back has, within ten minutes of the kick-off, determined the winner.

At last we seem to have completely taken out of the game one of the features that did the sport great harm and called up all sorts of charges as to brutality. We now no longer are exposed to the spectacle of an exhausted or injured player, with a pluck and heart too big for his body, struggling to do his work when he ought to be sitting in a blanket by the side lines, watching his substitute showing that no man is too good to be replaced. In the Princeton-Yale game no less than four substitutions took place upon each side, and it was a pleasure to see the eager, fresh man run out with a look of supreme gladness upon his face, at the thought of having a chance to enter the struggle, while the one who was taken out was equally loth to leave, but realized the necessity and advisability of the change.

Pennsylvania took it out of the poor Indians as a revenge for the beating they received at the hands of Harvard. Seriously, had Pennsylvania put up the game at Cambridge that she played at Philadelphia Saturday it would have been a better fight. Outland outdid himself, and the entire team played far better football. Cornell will have to perform a difficult task to repeat Harvard's success over the Quakers.

Although Dartmouth defeated Williams in the annual game on Saturday, the showing made by the latter was such as to wipe away that growing reflection of last season and the year before that Dartmouth was outclassing the other two members of the New England league. The game was close and hard-fought, and Dartmouth won it. But Williams was always a big factor in the struggle, and the year's work is creditable.

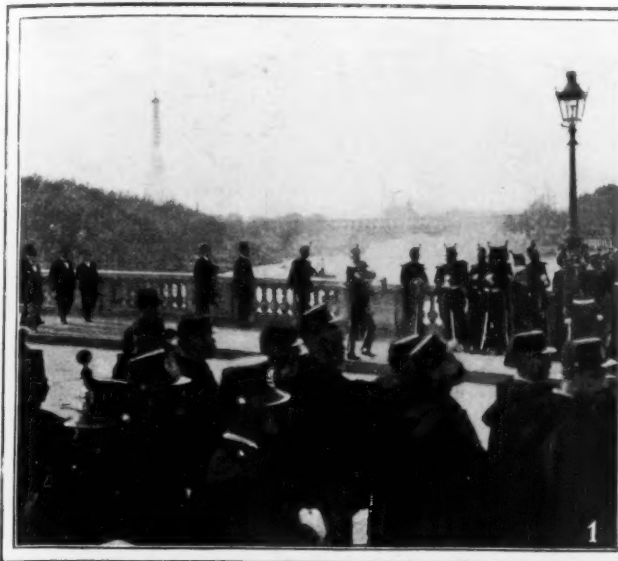
Now that the Princeton-Yale, Harvard-Yale and Harvard-Pennsylvania issues are settled, the momentous question is what will Pennsylvania do with Cornell. The Ithacans have kept themselves a thoroughly unknown quantity ever since their match with Princeton. True, they have been playing games, but these games have been with inferior teams and Cornell has never put in her own eleven. More than that, Mr. Warner has seen to it that any of the important men who were used were not needlessly exposed to injury. The fact is, that the Cornell management did really expect to win that Princeton game. And such an expectation was not unfounded, for the team had a short time before succeeded in getting well together in the interference, Whiting was playing a star game, and the defense of the team was strong. In addition to that, the reports received from Princeton were not such as to greatly impress them with the prospective strength of the Jersey men, and, on the whole, they concluded that the time was ripe for Cornell to spring that surprise upon the football public that some years ago Pennsylvania put upon Princeton, Boston Athletic Club upon Harvard, and Lafayette upon Pennsylvania. But the good thing did not come off, and the Cornell management and team felt that Fortune was by no means upon their side. They were in a fault-finding mood, and visited their wrath impartially upon the umpire and their own hard luck. Since that time they have had before their vision but one game; namely, that at Philadelphia. They reason that if they could hold Pennsylvania to four points last year, when the latter team easily defeated Harvard, why should they not down the Quakers this time when their football as displayed in their only big game was way below the standard. There is no flaw in this manner of reasoning until one finds that there is left entirely out of the calculation the fact that Pennsylvania is simply obliged to redeem herself. Coach Woodruff and Captain Outland, after that Harvard game, must take it out of somebody surely. They began on the Indians, but that does not count enough for them, and the men they are really looking for are Cornell. They did not care very much for that unpleasant medicine of the first half with Cornell last Thanksgiving, and when the two teams line up on that holiday this year the Pennsylvania men will "Remember last year!" Just how much difference this is likely to make in the result, if the game be a very close one, it is difficult to tell; probably in that event not much. But if Pennsylvania gets an early start it will cut more of a factor and the Philadelphia will surely endeavor to run up the score.

On the whole, I must confess that I hardly see how Cornell can win if Pennsylvania learned anything at all from the Harvard game this year and from the Cornell game of last year. Certainly Coach Woodruff must have seen the entire incapacity of his team to cope with a kicking game, and he has probably taken measures to correct this weakness. When one reflects upon the strength of the Harvard line of this year, and remembers that for all the strength and weight of those men Pennsylvania made as many yards as did Harvard at the running game, then one realizes that when Penn-

sylvania has patched up her other departments she ought to be hard to beat. Cornell has no man to match Hare in strength or ability to gain a yard, and that young man, as I have before remarked, is a factor in any contest. Outland, too, when at his best, is a very exceptional man. I still think his best place would be at tackle, and that he could get in his runs from that position effectively. McMahon and Hedges are good ends, each as good as Davall, and both better than Grimshaw or Hogan. Gardiner is good in the ordinary duties of a quarter, though not a success in handling kicks. Overfield, although light for his position, is active and aggressive. Folwell, if kept behind the line, will acquire the necessary steadiness. The game that Pennsylvania put up against Harvard will certainly not defeat Cornell, but I look to see Woodruff's pupils fifty per cent better in their kicking game and in their handling of kicks, while I do not think their running game will deteriorate.

And now it is Harvard against Yale. On Saturday these two old-time rivals will meet at New Haven. The memory of that last year's tie game is still fresh in the minds of graduates and undergraduates. Some of the men who will face each other this week ran up and down Soldiers' Field last November for seventy fruitless minutes. Of these men the Yale team contains the greater number. McBride, whose punting against the wind aided Yale so materially, will once more do the kicking for Yale. Chamberlin, whose work at tackle on that day was so conspicuous, now, as captain of the Yale team, will be looked upon by Harvard men as a dangerous point in the Yale line. Brown, a freshman last year, will be a stronger man this season, although his work was of a high order last season. If in condition de Saullies will receive kicks, and, if Houghton sends any low ones, will assuredly run such of them back, else his work of the season greatly belies him. Harvard, however, has a way of getting the ends down more rapidly than in 1897. Corwin, who went on as substitute in Dudley's place, may get a trial this year, although now laid up. Benjamin of the '97 team is a possibility, but Durston and Dudley are either likely to crowd him out, as he has lately been on the invalid list. Of these old men we all had a good view. In 1897 they played a good game against Harvard and a better one against Princeton. It was not a particularly skillful game, but it was a dashing one, and had the right spirit in it. Moreover, they all seemed hardy young men, who could go the pace. Veteranship may have taken some of their enthusiasm away, but it has added experience. The Princeton game has deepened this. Last week I named those who had improved and those who had merely held their own. Another week of practice and one big game has not altered my views upon this subject. Brown and McBride have both gone up a peg, and will put up a better all round game than last year. The West Point, the Chicago and the Princeton games leave Yale still nervous as to the handling of kicks and the general play on a kicking game. This is unfortunate for them, and especially so, as McBride, when he gets his punt in well, is a tower of strength in driving. Even against the wind the power of his kick makes him formidable. But he overkecks his ends. As for the new men, this last week has narrowed the choice down still more closely. Cutten has practically assured himself of continuing in the position of center. Marshall was not up to his mate Brown in the Princeton game, but he may redeem himself in the Harvard match. Hubbell, Coy and Eddy will be the ones to carry the end positions, and I look for an improvement from their experience at Princeton. Both teams have now been through the severest kind of a test—Harvard in the Pennsylvania game, Yale in the one with Princeton. It is a question which will profit the most from that experience. A defeated team generally learns much more than a winning team, but at the same time, and as a sort of offset, the winning team improves in offensive work, owing to greater confidence in the plays coming off as designed. Should Durston be played back with McBride, and any good third man be available, the trio would be hard to stop. The greatest difficulty will menace Yale in case de Saullies is unable to play, for up to this time no really safe man for catching punts has developed on the Yale team. Sullivan muffed in the Chicago game; McBride has not been sure; and, in fact, there is no one who can be relied upon as can Daly and Dibblee if up to their form exhibited in the Pennsylvania contest. Harvard's line has been shown to be strong. With Jaffray at center, it far overtops Yale's trio in weight, and, even with Burnett, is still heavier and more solid than Yale. If Donald and Houghton put up the game displayed against Goodman and Carnett, the one will be more than a match for the Yale left, and the other will probably be not far behind Chamberlin, although here at least the Yale man should have the advantage if he be up to his mark. On the ends there should not be as much difference as would be indicated by the play of the Yale ends in the Princeton game and that of the Harvard ends in the Pennsylvania contest. Houghton's punting was especially adapted to his ends, and one can hardly believe that it is possible for him to repeat exactly the exceptional work of that day. He should be hurried more, and Yale will know this, and try to make him kick with less deliberation. Taking it all in all, however, Harvard has a shade the better of the kicking part, and considerably the better of the handling of kicks. In the running game the two should be very evenly matched, and whichever brings off a brilliant burst, the one by Dibblee, the other by de Saullies, should turn the scale. As the Pennsylvania game showed, a muff or fumble by the back field of either team is likely to land the side making it in serious difficulties, and both captains will try the temper of the opponents with considerable kicking, unless a perfect gale should make that out of the question.

WALTER CAMP.



Photographs by William Bengough

DREYFUS DEMONSTRATION IN PARIS

1. Bridge from Place de la Concorde to Chamber of Deputies; guarded by Police.

2. Place de la Concorde being cleared by Mounted Municipal Guards.

OUR PARIS LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

PARIS, Oct. 23, 1898



TUESDAY the French Chambers meet for the winter session. The Senate will be quiet, but in the Lower House the Brisson Ministry will certainly have to fight for its life, and a great turmoil is expected.

To Brisson must be given all credit for having placed the Dreyfus case in the hands of the Supreme Court. The enemies of revision have been whetting their knives for the last three weeks, and just now they are leaving nothing undone to enlist votes against Brisson—the man who finally renounced allegiance to political and military scoundrels and decided to give the law an opportunity to investigate their records.

There is a tremor of preparation and expectancy in the air. Carriages are scurrying through the city, telephone bells are ringing, appointments made, and tips given.

In the President's palace, and in hundreds of other places, councils of war are held, aiming at the overthrow of the Cabinet.

The camps are pretty nearly of equal strength. The fight promises to be desperate, and the result is uncertain.

Monday, Oct. 24.—Is it one of the inevitable consequences of the ignorance and corruption of universal

suffrage that none but nauseous characters can be secured to rule over republics?

Of late I have mixed constantly with these men; I have attended their meetings, met them in newspaper offices, interviewed them, dined with them—the one thing in their mind is personal interest. They see nothing in a crisis but the opportunities it brings to themselves or to their rivals. Of the prestige of France, of the welfare of the people, of justice, never a thought which is not subordinate to selfish schemes.

Monday Night.—Drumont, Déroulède, Rochefort, Millevoye, and all the other foul-spoken demagogues who lead the worst elements of the French populace, are publishing wild appeals to their followers to organize manifestations against Brisson, Zola, Dreyfus, the Jews.

As public opinion always goes with the side that makes the greatest noise, Clemenceau, Pressensé, and other chiefs of the *Dreyfusards*, are also sending strenuous injunctions to "all friends of justice" to rally, and oppose clamor to clamor, fist to fist, cane to cane, to morrow on the streets.

Tuesday, Oct. 25.—Again the capital is in a state of siege. Cavalry, infantry, municipal guards, regular police on all sides.

Up to the military lines the throngs are packed so tightly that it is next to impossible to move one way or the other after you are once wedged in.

All these people are in fearful excitement. They shout, shriek, brandish canes and umbrellas, and fight as soon as they can free an arm.

Vive Zola! Mort aux Juifs! A bas Cavaignac! Near me, two fellows squeezed tightly against each other, nose to nose, in the absolute impossibility of moving hand or foot, for five minutes exchanged vociferous insults, and had begun to spit into each other's face, when the cuirassiers finally succeeded in dislocating the jam and the two were parted.

Further away from the Chamber of Deputies the streets are less crowded, and some terrific fighting is done. "Vive l'armée! A bas la dictature du sabre!" Ten against ten, or one hundred against two hundred, they rush, scuffle, break their canes over each other's heads, all the while shouting like savages, until from somewhere a crowd of policemen swoop down, and, threatening, arresting, punching, drive the battle somewhere else.

Same Day, 3 p.m.—I have been sitting here, at the press table of the Chamber, for over one hour. Nobody who has not attended this séance can imagine what it is like. The representatives are shouting, insulting each other, and even exchanging blows, just as is being done outside.

Very little can be heard of what the orators say. In fact, it looks as if no one had any intention of listening. Still Brisson behaves admirably, also Bourgeois and Sarrien; and, for a while, it looks as though the ministers will stand the onslaught and obtain the victory.

But now comes Déroulède—Déroulède the type of all that is empty and sonorous. Nobody can make out what he is trying to say, until General Chanoine is seen bounding to the rostrum, and, as at present, no one in France presents a more imposing attitude than the Minister of War, a relative peace comes into the house.

Then, to the astonishment of all except the few who are in the plot, that most dastardly thing is done—General Chanoine resigns his portfolio, there and then assassinating the government of which he is a member.

Same Day, at Night.—The ministry has finally been compelled to resign.—Riots on the boulevards, and on the Place de l'Opéra. The antisemites and the nationalists are making the night hideous with the manifestations of their glee.

HENRI DUMAY.

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Photographs by Puch Brothers

MISS JULIA ARTHUR

AS PARTHENIA IN "INGOMAR"

AS CLORINDA WILDAIRS IN "A LADY OF QUALITY," ACT I

THE DRAMA

IT MUST have been much listening, of late, to laudations of American plays and players, that made me so attentive to Miss Julia Arthur and her play that night when I renewed my impressions of "A Lady of Quality." I wanted to be very American, and to find in everything good a sign of American artistic development; but I was terribly hampered by knowing that "A Lady of Quality" had been written by an English woman—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; resided for many years in Washington, to be sure, but that is notoriously neutral ground—and by suddenly recalling that Miss Arthur had not only received her best training as a member of Sir Henry Irving's Com-

pany, but had come from Toronto. Altogether, it required great ingenuity to get any hope for America out of that production; but I consoled myself with the thought that, after all, Miss Arthur had married a Bostonian, and was likely to confine her artistic endeavors chiefly to these United States. After a time I became glad that America was not responsible for "A Lady of Quality," for I disliked it more this season than I had disliked it a year before. It is an effective and picturesque play, without doubt; but it is also very bombastic, and the dialogue consists of great mouthfuls of sentences that must seriously distress the actors. As for Miss Arthur, it is pleasant to claim her even as an American by adoption. She is beautiful, she has magnetism and a great deal of talent, and she is in earnest, and, after she shelves "A Lady of Quality," which she intends to do pretty soon, she is going to produce some very important plays, though, so far as I know, not one

is going to be an American play. In the course of her present engagement at Wallack's Theatre she will be seen as Rosalind, as Parthenia, a part so closely associated with the memory of Mary Anderson, and possibly, at a special matinee, as the heroine of an admirable little play, "Infidels," by an Italian author, Roberto Bracco. This last work was given here with great success a few months ago by the German actress, Agnes Sorma; after I saw it I was not surprised to hear that Miss Arthur had secured the English rights. Now that Miss Arthur is having her chance I shall be surprised if she does not forge ahead, and not only do some very good work, but give us opportunities to see works worthy of her caliber. She has probably had all that London can give her for a long time to come, and at present she is far and away the most interesting woman on our stage. It will be worth while watching to see what she will do.

JOHN D. BARRY.



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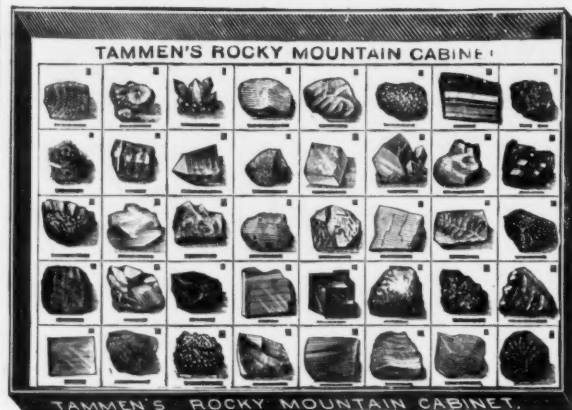
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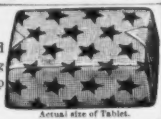


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Liabilities,	19,146,359.04
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	\$3,722,635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included),	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities,	19,859,291.43
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98,	1,300,493.68

Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force,	94,646,669.00

GAINS.

6 Months—January to July, 1898.

In Assets,	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders),	\$22,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only),	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves,	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 Months,	2,937,432.77

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